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Being the Gossiping Record of Rambles through England from the Source of the Thames to the Sea, with Casual Studies of the English People, their Historic, Literary, and Romantic Shrines.

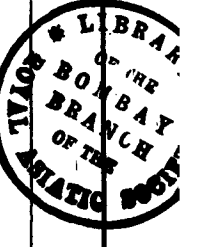
The whole forming

A Complete Guide to the Thames Valley

By

Henry Wellington Wack, F.R.G.S.

Author of "The Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet," "The Story of the Congo Free State," etc.



With Map and 100 Illustrations

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York and London
The Knickerbocker Press
1906

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FOREWORD

"To love Nature and a good house; dogs, many books, and a few friends; the music of brook and breeze, the morning sun; shade at noon and a blue night's early stars: such a life-feast consoles one for the knowledge of man and the market-place, and the futility of human riches begot thereby."

As Russell ironically repeated this bitter-sweet soliloquy he glanced doubtfully from the top of a Strand 'bus at the jostling horde below. His was a simple philosophy.

The great black city of London was not the fair face of England we had come to explore. Its devouring swirl, the mystery of its shadows, the transient happiness of its garish light were the antithesis of that pastoral, chime-intoning England whose gray and gold day " consoles one for a knowledge of man and the market-place."

Not to add one new fact to its oft-told story, nor to attempt an appreciation of Thamesland in terms as graceful and

pictured as British genius long ago employed in works still cherished; but to lead my own countrymen to traverse that beautiful valley of the great little river, to guide them ardently to its shrines and memorials, and leaven their way with pertinent and impertinent observations, is the object of this gossipy little study of, and the author's humble tribute to, a feature of England's sylvan beauty which to his vision is ever as green, fresh, and sweet as the golden hours of spring.

H. W. W.

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On account of their great superiority, many of the illustrations herein presented have been chosen from the collections of Messrs. Frith of Reigate, and Henry W. Taunt, F. R. G. S., of Oxford Mr. Taunt is the dean of Thames Valley students and an ardent lover of river sport. The photographs of Messrs. Frith and Mr. Taunt are the finest English views published.

In Thamesland

IN THAMESLAND

CHAPTER I

THE RIVER

Its Name — Its Source — Thames Head

TO one who has lived upon the great Mississippi and trapped the marten on its flat banks, who has camped upon the dark Missouri and disturbed its wild fowl at an autumn daybreak, and has cruised upon the St. Lawrence, reckless of its rapids, and to one who has generally misdemeaned himself with rod and gun and boat throughout the wilder regions of North America, the Thames, when first beheld above the city of London, seems hardly a river at all. To him it appears to be a well-groomed, quaintly banked, park rivulet, an aqueous dwarf, with a picturesque swagger and a pride typically British. Just as many Englishmen believe that their race and civilisation constitute the only force which renders the world a

planet worth abiding in, so does this sinuous little creek go winding on from a disputed source in Gloucestershire to the sea on which rides Britain's might — a might at once the most admirable and the most incomprehensible feature of modern British life.

One could hardly fancy an England without the Thames. It is the source, the inspiration, the participant in so much that distinguishes England's sylvan beauty. In the centuries that have lived upon its banks it has been a potent factor in the civilisation of this island-kingdom. It cuts in twain and laves the burliest city in all the world, a dark mass of human structure impenetrably profound. It rides a vast commerce from London to the sea, and along its jutting wharves nights are often made darker with its tragedies. Years agone kings and princes and the fairest women in the land rode upon its tide in functions of state or in the idle pose of pleasure. Those were the days of the garlanded barge or the hooded galley-foist which, gliding stealthily beneath the Tower portcullis, lost another noble to the world of politics and intrigue.

A few miles from where London now teems and swarms with its devouring materialism

Elizabeth and Leicester, gazing from beneath the alders on the heights of Richmond Terrace, once enjoyed the rapture of the same beautiful landscape which enchants us to-day. To the left, and below the terrace of the Star and Garter, a modern hostelry which occupies the site of the structure where Queen Elizabeth died, one sees White Lodge, sometime the residence of the Prince of Wales, of the Battenbergs, and of other members of the royal household. Beyond is Ham House on the banks of the Thames in the dull little village of Petersham, where Charles I. took refuge in his flight. On the opposite, the north bank, Pope's villa peeps out its ruddy turrets from a dark-green foliate mass. Weir House and Teddington lock, a pretty islet and backwater, and the distant towers of Windsor glint in the afternoon sun. Winding through the valley, stretching its silvern width before us, flows the merry river, its burthen of pleasure craft and flanneled fuss and play; a scene of everchanging loveliness, of perfect tranquillity on a summer's day. Behind us is old London, and all around the ancient town of Richmond, the fashionable resort of the great courtiers and fine ladies of many splendid days ago.

The River

The river Thames has, possibly, been the inspiration of more lettered lore than any other stream in the world. It has been the scene of more history-making events than it would be possible to recount in this frail appreciation of its natural and artificial charms. It has done some big things and the phases of its life are many.

Its Name

Like everything with individuality and character, whether that be man, woman, theory, cult, idea, or principle, the Thames has been the cause of much controversy. Its name has been variously stated as Tameses, Tamese, Tamises (at the juncture of the Isis and Tame, near Dorchester), Tamisa, Tamesa, Thamisia, Thamesis and finally Isis (where it flows between the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire shores). Thus, at Oxford it is still often called the Isis until it receives the shallow river Tame just below Dorchester, from which point it is called Thames. Historians trace this error to an early attempted division of the Latin word *Tamesis* into two words, *Tame esis* or *Tame isis*, suggested perhaps by the existence of the Tame in Buckinghamshire. The Saxons called it the Thames, ancient maps and documents designating it *Thamesis Fluvius*.

SPRING IN THE COTSWOLD HILLS, SOURCE OF THE THAMES

One of the oldest streets in Oxford, now George Street, was in ancient times called Platea Thamesina. In the days of Julius Cæsar, the river was known as the Tamesis, the Anglo-Saxon equivalent of which is Temese. This appears to be the derivation of the name Thames, the proper modern designation of the river from its source to its mouth.

Its Source

The source of the Thames also has been the subject of much dispute. Seven Springs, the source of the Churn, about three miles from Cheltenham, has been described as the true source of the Thames. The river Churn joins the Thames at Cricklade. The oldest maps and documents, however, are alike in representing Thames Head near Cirencester, as the head of the river Thames. Stow tells us that "the most excellent and goodly river beginneth in Coteswold, about a mile from Titbury and as much from the hie way called Fosse"; Leland, that "Isis riseth at three myles from Cirencestre, not far from a village called Kemble within half a mile of the Fosseway where the head of Isis is."

It will be observed that Leland calls the river Isis, yet as early as A.D. 905 the "Saxon

Chronicle" contains the following entry: "This year Athelwold enticed the army in East Anglia to break the peace, so that they ravaged over all the land of Mercia, until they came to Cricklade, and then went over the Thames." Later, in the "Domesday Book,"

THAMES HEAD IN FEBRUARY

the river is referred to as the Thames, and in all the ancient records of the city of Oxford the name Isis cannot be found.

Thames Head

An ancient well, once surrounded by walls eight feet high, in "Yeoing Field," Trewsbury Mead, a valley about three miles from Ciren-

cester, near the village of Kemble, is the source known as Thames Head. In summer no sign of water or of water plants can be found near it. Its walls are now down, and thickly interlaced vines and brush hide it from view. In winter it overflows, floods the valley, and contributes its little force to the greatest of island rivers.

Thus from an obscure, hidden, and neglected origin, England's historic river swells and flows on until, upon its pellucid bosom above Folly Bridge to its brackish waters below the Tower of London, it nurses everything, from an infant's gentle pleasures to the sinister tragedies of the greatest city in the world.

CHAPTER II

FROM KEMBLE TO EATON HASTINGS

Cruising on the Thames — Cruise Equipment — The Church of Coates — Kemble and Ewen — Somerford Keynes — Cricklade — Eisey Bridge and Castle Eaton — Kempsford — The River Coln — Lechlade — Kelmscott and Eaton Hastings — Cumnor and Amy Robsart — Anthony Foster's Tomb.

Cruising on the Thames

The ideal cruise of the Thames is voyaging in a light canoe down the gentle current from Cricklade to Kingston, one of England's most ancient towns. Below Kingston, the tides affect the stream, and navigation in launches or canoes, which have to be plied up stream again, is not so practicable.

The cruise of the *Fuzzy-Wuzzy* taught me to love the Thames. She was a light, tippy, fifteen-foot canoe, prettily ribbed with ash and cedar, and decked-in fourteen inches from stern and bow. She was a rakish little craft, promising sport and mishap. How she came by her silly name her owner said he never knew. A sturdy boy could lug her

over a portage of five hundred yards. She could, and did, spill out her cargo on so slight a favour as the shifting of my pipe from the windward to the leeward side. She was fleet, and a capricious delight of fine lines and many graces.

I had gone to England in the springtime, more or less intending to explore the United Kingdom from Land's End to John o' Groats. The British people and their foggy little island in the North Sea were always a puzzle to my youth. I could not understand how it was that John Bull, with only standing room at home, should have been permitted to sit down complacently in the world wherever he sent his ships and his pill-boxed soldiers. History had not explained to me why a country bounded by water on the outside, and by brandy, soda, and gout on the inside, dependent upon her enemies for her food and drink, and trammelled with the clumsy customs of duller ages, should have so much to say and so much to do.

Cruise Equipment

A voyager of the Thames orders his canoe at Folly Bridge, Oxford, of Messrs. Salter Brothers, and arranges for it to meet him wherever he intends embarking. Vans haul craft anywhere along

the stream, and call for those which are left by persons who have completed their cruise. In summer considerable traffic is carried on in this manner. People go to Oxford, or some other town up the river, row or paddle down twenty miles in a day, leave their boat with the nearest waterman, notify Messrs. Salter by postal card, and have no further responsibility in the matter. Facilities, whether for one day's outing or for ten, are more perfect on the Thames than anywhere else. In fact, pleasure upon this stream is conducted on the principle and in the manner of business. Alas, that so much of the business of the river should be conducted upon the principle of play!

Between the sporadic hives of its underpaid and listless workers, England is a great playground, a common campus, where serious enterprise is too often enfeebled by the national *penchant* for small play and pastoral pastime. This play and work amalgam of the English has, at the opening of the twentieth century, made England the experimental farm of the more enterprising foreigner. The fences of that glorious island park called England have been suffered to fall into decay. The youth and sinew of the land has crowded

into the town, and rural character has suffered degeneration. Year by year, the cultivated area of the United Kingdom contracts and its produce lessens to menace England's future. The shadow of a New Era is stealing over old England. Ere the first quarter of the twentieth century shall have been spent, much of Old England will be new. Here and there the artificial transumations of a modern civilisation have already applied a rude hand, and a swift materialisation is obscuring the monuments of her olden days. City cancer, town typhus, and village vagabondia are denuding the land of the sturdy sower and the bronzed reaper and producing anæmic, clock-eyed clerks, tip-taking parvenus, and a legion of petty players of "the winner." "God made the country, man made the town," is an old platitude, but it would seem as if the influence of town life, together with the demoralisation and devitalisation of the indolent rich, were burrowing destructively at the foundation of British substance and power.

The Church of Coates

The first view from the quiet bed where the Thames finds birth is that of the Church of Coates on a distant hill beyond the Thames and Severn

Canal, a waterway for commercial purposes. It is a simple scene, tranquil, fresh with perennial green banks, wild with old forests, and only alive with the melody of church bells ringing. It is characteristic of a land where the church is ever superimposed upon the landscape — the village church, churchyard, and vicarage, with here and there a nestling group of cottages. Here gossip buds, blooms, and runs to seed in village history; here prospers what remains of the perfunctory religious tenacity of the English people; here is found that unliberated, untaught content which breeds quaint ideas and retrogressive customs, odd speech and manner, and a national life that for a century has half thriven on inanition. Yet, strangely enough, this easy-going, unenterprising, con ented class has added many names to the roll of England's sons who have achieved distinction in every field of human effort.

Kemble and Ewen

From the little village of Kemble, spanned by the river's first bridge, to the village of Ewen, one walks the banks of a very narrow rivulet which in summer is almost dry. But the harebells and moss, the willows and alders, are here to enliven one's way. Sometimes, when the water is

high, the ugly stickleback will beguile the patient angler, entangling his line in the crowfoot just beneath the water's surface. In the meadows behind a hawthorn hedge, the pretty bell-like comfrey, of purple and white and every shade between, adorns the slope; the lush grass on which the kine are grazing, and a wide-eyed shepherd boy in dumb gaze at vacancy, inhaling the fresh air of a delightful spring morning, suggest a pastoral scene of the period of Queen Anne as depicted by the poet Pope:

All hail, once pleasing, once inspiring shade,
Scene of my youthful loves and happy hours!
Where the kind muses met me as I strayed,
And gently pressed my hand, and said, "Be ours."

Somerford Keynes

In the distance lies the old village of Somerford Keynes with its ivy-mantled church, whose legendary walls portray the history of the Romish Church, while down along the river bank, the quaintest of cottages peep in and out of the cool and sombre foliage.

Cricklade

The market town of Cricklade, in Wiltshire, at the confluence of the rivers Churn and Thames, is shortly reached, its prominent church towers attracting

FIRST MILL (KEMBLE) ON THE THAMES

the attention of the traveller afar. In Cricklade are several old English crosses, once customarily erected by the roadside and in other convenient localities, to "aid the devotions of the traveller, or ask his prayers for some

CROSS IN ST. SAMPSON'S CHURCH YARD (CRICKLADE)

other wayfarer who may have met death by accident or violence."

Eisey Bridge and Castle Eaton

At Eisey Bridge below Cricklade, the river becomes a perennial stream and winds its way from Wiltshire back into Gloucestershire, the county of its birth. A few miles beyond is Castle Eaton, a village where sleep and silence seem

always to prevail. Of course, Castle Eaton has its church, and a picturesque structure it is, of mixed architecture — early English and Norman. It is noted for its carved font and its bell tower. All its inanimate features are rever-

ASHTON KEYNES, RIVER AND MILL (THREE MILES BELOW SOMERFORD)

enced with a fervour which the vicar must secretly envy.

Kempsford

Kempsford, in Gloucestershire, was an early Plantagenet palace. William the Conqueror made gift of it to one of his Norman soldiers, and thereafter it passed on through several favourites until

it reached Henry, Duke of Lancaster. Henry of Lancaster gave it to the Church in the year 1355, whence it finally became the property of a despoiler, one Lord Coleraine, better known as Colonel Hanger, an intimate of George IV when Prince of Wales. This vandal took pleasure in demolishing the castle and selling the materials whereof it had been built. Some mad spite against nature induced him to cut down the trees and generally to devastate a manor replete with fair memories of the olden time.

The River Coln

The river Coln, which empties into the Thames near Inglesham, is noted for its trout. Near by is the terminus of the Thames and Severn Canal, begun in 1782 and opened for traffic in 1789. It begins at Wallbridge, where the Stroud navigation ends, and after a course of thirty miles joins the Thames in the vicinity of Lechlade.

The junction of the Thames, Coln, and Canal, is a picturesque spot. A "Round House" stands in the shade of the slender alders, a sturdy bridge spans the canal, and the locks and weirs seem stagnant from disuse The canal is in fact a thing of the past; the pudgy old barge of burthen is now

SHEEPWASHING IN THE THAMES NEAR RADCOT BRIDGE

a hulk in a shipyard for wrecks, or in the coal service of the lower Thames; the tow-path is narrowed — almost obliterated — by an overgrowth of grass and osier, gladdened here and there with the peeping violet and daisy. For forty miles from its source the river's banks are asleep in solitude. Nothing but the hum of insects, the pipe of the moor-hen, or the rippling song of a jetty, enlivens the serenity of the scene. Now and then a moss-grown mill creaks its rusty wheel in a backwater and, when the wind is right, the distant din of the toiling town may be faintly heard. The quiet evening is sweet with a loveliness that refreshes both the heart and the mind. You love England for her recreative repose.

Lechlade

At the ancient town of Lechlade, near the tiny river Lech, whence it derives its name, the Thames assumes the hustle of earnest traffic. Below St. John's Bridge the counties of Gloucestershire, Berkshire, and Oxfordshire, are contiguous. At the village of Buscot is a lock and weir, once the first on the river below its source. Here one's fingers tingle with a desire to sketch and boldly lay on the colours of the rustic scene.

ST. JOHN'S LOCK, NEAR LECHLADE, FIRST LOCK ON THE THAMES

Kelmscott and Eaton Hastings, Rossetti

Kelmscott and Eaton Hastings are a little further down. From the autumn of 1872 till the summer of 1874, the poets Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and William Morris, cele-

KELMSCOTT MANOR

brants of the beautiful, lived in the delightful old manor house of Kelmscott, in a flowered garden which must have been an unbounded joy to these æsthetic souls. Morris lies in the village church-yard, whither he was borne in a rude harvest-waggon hung with the soughing willow and the rustling vine. Rossetti's grave is beside the sea, at

Birchington, in Kent, "rumor'd in water, while the fame of it along Time's flood goes echoing evermore."

Beyond Kelmscott and Eaton Hastings stands the venerable old stone bridge of Rad-

MEETING PLACE OF ALFRED'S PARLIAMENT, ANCIENT SIFORD (NOW SHIFFORD)

cot, one of the genuine antiquities of the Thames. From the bridge can be seen Faringdon Hill on the right, and on the left the spire of Bampton Church. Ten miles below is New Bridge, an ancient groined structure, and several weirs, when Shifford (ancient Siford) is reached, where King Alfred held one of his parliaments. The river Wind-

rush, rising in the Cotswold hills, near Guiting, mingles with the Thames below.

Cumnor and Amy Robsart

On we wander through locks and weirs past Cumnor, in Berkshire, where Amy Robsart met her gruesome fate at the hands of the vil-

NEW BRIDGE

lains, Varney and Anthony Foster. Opposite, in Oxfordshire, is Stanton Harcourt. Each of these villages is situated about two miles from the river. Cumnor owes its fame to "Kenilworth," that romantic novel of the time of Elizabeth. Much of the scene of Scott's tale is laid in

and about Cumnor. Of Cumnor House, nothing remains, and the haunted tower in which the Earl of Leicester's sweetheart was murdered is a thing of tradition only. The famed old hostel "Black Bear," where Tres-

CUMNOR CHURCH AND PLACE (THE MOUND MARKS THE SITE OF CUMNOR HALL)

sillian and Varney are first portrayed by the master romancist, is, of course, represented by an inn bearing that name; but it strains the imagination to recognise it as the tavern which Scott described. Indeed the chief excuse for the existence of many inns in England is the tradition or history which attaches

to their names — names often emblazoned upon the page of living literature. Even the motor car, an inn's signal for brutal plunder from "boots" to proprietor, has so far inspired but little reform and less comfort in these English inns which, with even tabetic enterprise, might batten greatly on this age of extravagance and fugitive pleasures. But somehow, they remain the same from one decade to another — rusty, inefficient, comfortless, and proud, disdaining modern hygienic apparatus, the art of cooking, the wisdom of conforming to modern taste. There are rare exceptions — as I have learned to know by visiting several hundred of them by motor car, boat, and bicycle. When such an inn is come upon after a day's travel, the world has few pleasures to compare with its relish by a healthy nomad roaming over England's fine roads and lovely byways. There are a few — only a few — inns in the Thames valley where hospitality is still genuine, where a welcome is graciously warmed with good port from the wood, where the hostess has the genius of home in what she does, and where the host has the courage to look over and beyond the wall which surrounds his nation's snug little island.

Anthony Foster's Tomb

Scott made Anthony Foster a despicable character in his principal parts. He was a dependent of the Earl of Leicester, and in possession of Cumnor Place when Leicester imprisoned the fair Amy Robsart within its battlemented walls. In the service of his lord, Foster was a cunning and a cringing coward, chief executant in the plot which destroyed Robsart. Yet in Cumnor church may be found Anthony Foster's tomb bearing the epitaph of a man of honour and integrity. A brass, representing the figures of Anthony and his family, adorns the altar. Such are the contradictions of Anthony Foster's fame, that while millions will always know him as a mercenary murderer, the few who visit his tomb at Cumnor recognise how his name has been libelled to meet the artistic exigencies of an absorbingly interesting romance.

CHAPTER III

STANTON HARCOURT TO OXFORD

Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu — An American Invader — Ensham Bridge — Blenheim — Godstow Bridge — Henry II and Fair Rosamund — Woodstock — Earl of Salisbury and Bishop of Lincoln — First View of Oxford — Osney Abbey — Henry VIII, Cromwell — Oxford Castle.

Stanton Harcourt

For more than six hundred years Stanton Harcourt was the home of one of England's most ancient and honourable families. It was once the temporary residence of Alexander Pope, and within its walls that poet completed his translation of the Fifth Book of Homer's "Iliad" in the year 1718. The room wherein he accomplished his task is called "Pope's Study," and its window commands a view of a charming landscape.

Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

It was from this inspiring sanctuary that the poet addressed some of his most impassioned epistles to that peerless but cold beauty, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. How the poet's exalted attachment afterwards curdled into

THE STOCKS, STANTON HARCOURT

bitter hate has been chronicled by many writers.

> Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
> 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.
> . . . . . .
> Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
> How often must it love, how often hate!
> How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
> Conceal, disdain, — do all things but forget!
>
> — *Pope.*

Little, all too little, remains of the manor house, but the beeches and firs are as flush and foliate as ever they were, and the tiny lakes and meads and briar hedges preserve the atmosphere of the days when England's great philosophic poet, a master of grace and pure diction, rambled, dreaming, through its beautiful park.

From the old ferry of Bablock Hythe the river runs, a narrow sinuous thread of silver, through fertile meadows. Soon the hills of Witham come into view, beyond which lies the ancient city of Oxford.

An American Invader

At Ensham, or, as it is officially known, Swinford Bridge, I heard of a dreaded American weed (*Anacharis absinastrum*), which at one time promised to choke the river with its enterpris-

ing expansion. The humour of this inoffensive-looking little plant doing business on its own account, and practising the expansion politics of blustering American statesmen, became irresistible as I explored the subject. It seems that many years ago the plant was casually imported from North America in a cargo of timber. Luckily for the limpid pools of the river hereabout the plant was virtually eradicated years ago, though some learned fossils of botanists had predicted that it could never be stamped out. William Marshall, of Ely, gives something of its history. He says that its leaves grow in threes on a slender, stringy stem, the entire plant being deep green. They are half an inch long, an eighth wide, shaped like an egg, and beset with minute teeth, which cause them to cling. The stem is brittle, so that when the plant is disturbed fragments are broken off, and, although it cannot propagate itself by seed, all the flowers being male, every fragment is capable of becoming an independent plant, producing roots and stems and extending indefinitely in every direction. It does not even require to be rooted in the earth, but actually grows as it floats upon the stream, just as an American Trust is

grown — on water! It would therefore seem that the American invasion of England began not with the twentieth century, but fifty, sixty, or seventy years ago, by a little green plant that waded in to destroy the Thames with its strangling blight. Was that stealthy little enterprise the precursor of what seems to be obscuring the mental horizon of the British boy, an invasion by the American weed (so called) in the form of the deadly American cigarette?

Ensham Bridge

Immediately below Ensham Bridge a picturesque weir purls and eddies to the cadence of its murmurous cascade. There is no sound on the river more delicious or more refreshing than the plash and drip of a weir when the stream is full.

A little further on is Canott's Ham, once famous for its pheasants and wild aquatic fowl. By some mysterious relation in gameland, the tench was also found here in abundance by the piscatorial devotee of threescore years ago.

About three miles below Ensham we come upon Godstow Bridge.

Blenheim

Between these points the river Evenlode, rising in Worcestershire and wending its silent way through Charlbury and Combe, meanders about Blen-

BABLOCK HYTHE, THE LAST OF THE OLD THAMES FERRIES

heim Park, the estate of the Duke of Marlborough. In these memoried precincts Henry II built a palace, now gone. Here, in a fragment of what is now a modern dwelling, Chaucer lived and wrote. Time was when the neighborhood boasted the manor house where Mary imprisoned Elizabeth. But interest in the ancient town of Woodstock has declined in favor of Blenheim's "unsurpassed clumsy magnificence and untruthful grandeur" — that vast pile presented by the British nation to the first Duke of Marlborough in gratitude for his services, a veritable white elephant, which by the expense of its up-keep has impoverished each successive owner. Thanks to the present American Duchess of Marlborough (formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt), Blenheim Palace is now, for the first time in its history, worthily maintained. Turning our gaze towards Oxford, we constantly see the spire of Cassington Church.

Godstow Bridge

At Godstow Bridge the river divides amid surroundings of extreme beauty. Adjacent to Oxford, it invites the skiff and dinghy of the town on Saturdays and Sundays, when its pleasant reach beneath the pollard willow and the

GODSTOW NUNNERY

alders becomes a pretty scene of gliding boats and merry crews.

Henry II and Fair Rosamund

Here it was that Henry II, in the year 1149, met Rosamund de Clifford. She was at that time resident at the House of Nuns, consecrated to Benedictine nuns in 1138 in the presence of King Stephen and his queen. The story of Fair Rosamund is a mixture of history, tradition, and romance, the latter probably supplying most of the incidents. Poets have described the girl as wondrously beautiful.

> The blood within her crystal cheekes
> Did such a colour drive,
> As though the lillye and the rose
> For mastership did strive.

Woodstock

It was at Woodstock that Fair Rosamund's royal lover, Henry II, built that remarkable house known as "Labyrinthus" in the midst of a maze, to hide her from the jealous eye of Queen Eleanor. But jealousy will get in anywhere. The Queen discovered her rival, some say by a cord which the King drew after him out of her chamber with his foot; others, with varying fancies, coined their own theories. But the

OXFORD FROM HINKSEY HILLS

net result of it all was that Fair Rosamund did not live long. She was killed in many ways. One authority has it that she was poisoned; another that she died naturally after "a considerable age"; yet another that, breaking off with the King, she retired to Godstow and spent her time in religious duties throughout a comfortable old age. But whatever her life or fate may have been in the twelfth century, there is no doubt to-day about the end of either the King or his sweetheart.

Earl of Salisbury and Bishop of Lincoln

Rosamund de Clifford had two sons by Henry II, one the famous Earl of Salisbury, the other the Bishop of Lincoln, afterward Chancellor of England. Of the ruins of Godstow Nunnery little but a few ivied fragments remain.

The ancient village of Witteham lies at the foot of Wytham hill. A nunnery existed here in the seventh century. At this place, using the stones of Godstow, the Earls of Abingdon built their present seat.

First View of Oxford

Perhaps the finest view of Oxford city is obtained from Binsey Weir, just below Godstow Lock and Wolvercot. At this point its towers, spires, and

ancient walls rise ahead like a misty conglomerate.

> A rich gem, in circling gold enshrined,
> Where Isis' waters wind.

Osney Abbey

What was at one time the proudest abbey in all England was erected in 1129 at Osney by Robert D'Oyly at the instance of his gullible wife Edith. This lady, it seems, heard magpies chattering in a tree on the river bank. These magpies always greeted her from the same perch. Consulting her confessor, the superstitious Edith was told that they represented poor souls in purgatory appealing to her for some good. So she prevailed upon her husband to build the abbey, and, of course, her astute confessor became its abbot. It was repeatedly and generously endowed, and has had for guests kings, prelates, and nobles of the first rank. It was beautified beyond the dreams of its sleek monks; it granted its enthralled contributors "forty days' indulgence and forgiveness from sin" and became "the envy of other religious houses both in England and beyond the sea." It was a grand and glorious work, yet to-day it is but a memory without a physical vestige left upon which the eye

may linger. Its last abbot, and only bishop of Osney, became first bishop of Oxford. There is a portrait of Dr. King in Christ Church library.

Henry VIII, Cromwell

Henry VIII, with his cupidity and love of spoliation, began the work of destroying this magnificent pile. Under Queen Mary, Osney Abbey revived somewhat and masses were again chanted within its walls. Then came Cromwell, and Puritan pike and axe completed the ruin begun by England's much-married and licentious king.

Oxford Castle

Passing beyond Hythe Bridge the traveller first observes the grim, gray, solitary tower of Oxford Castle, all that is left of Robert D'Oyly's work, except the mound at its northern side.

CHAPTER IV

RAMBLING AROUND OXFORD

Oxford to London — The Cotters' Homes — The Manors of the Indolent — Oxford City — The Guidance of Pericles — The Mitre Inn — Unexpected Speech by the Senator from New York.

Oxford to London

From Cricklade, near its source, to Folly Bridge, Oxford, the Thames runs a course of about forty-three miles. From Oxford to Putney Bridge, London, the distance is one hundred and five miles. From Cricklade to Kingston the cruise is one hundred and thirty-five miles; to Richmond, one hundred and forty. The principal towns along the river between Oxford and London are Abingdon, Clifton Hampden, Wallingford, Streatley, Pangbourne, Caversham, Henley, Marlow, Maidenhead, Windsor, Staines, Shepperton, Kingston, Teddington, Richmond, and Putney. Between the towns are many villages, some ancient, all old, some are mouldering beneath ivy and clematis, many are peopled by quaint folk who know little of London or of England;

others are so quiet, grim, and serious as to set one thinking of their dull, inanimate character.

The Cotters' Homes

The story of such villages is everywhere the same. They are occupied by the aged and feeble who have surrendered their sons and daughters to the towns and cities, and to the wars which are the white man's burden. Here in these silent retreats, old folks drone out their colourless lives, thinking and dreaming of their distant boys and girls, often bitterly resigned to the fate which for so many years has depopulated their fields to feed the city's insatiate maw, adding to its strife and discontent, its fever and hysteria. Gone is the golden age for these grizzled souls, now childless; gone are the days when life was fresh and green and filled with simple merriment, rugged toil, and sweet repose. The cotters' sundown is a cheerless life in parts of this river valley, but the prayers they say and the Book they read with ever-failing eyes seem to soften and to sanctify these rural nests from which England bred her earlier might.

On the other side of the shield is the stately manor house and castle, the idle park land

of an indolent lord, a heavy show of wealth, with many tokens of the stubborn pursuit of pleasure by the rich. Such are the conditions which prevail within a rood of the cotters' gray life. They are the adornment of an English landscape as seen from the cockpit of a canoe. Wide and imposing estates slope to the river's edge; the sluggish backwater and the marsh in part hide the pathos of the cotters' lot. To the superficial gaze the picture is not marred by the inequality of the classes, all appears with surface perfection and beauty.

The Manors of the Indolent

From Oxford down the river the cruise of the *Fuzzy-Wuzzy* was of greater interest than from Cricklade to Folly Bridge. History, legend, and romance crowd the banks from the University city to the sea.

I have enjoyed many visits to Oxford during the past eight years. None was more delightful than the first, when the great English University city impressed me with what I have ever regarded as the mysterious atmosphere of all great places of learning in the old world. One senses this same air at the Sorbonne in France, at Bonn and Heidelberg in Germany,

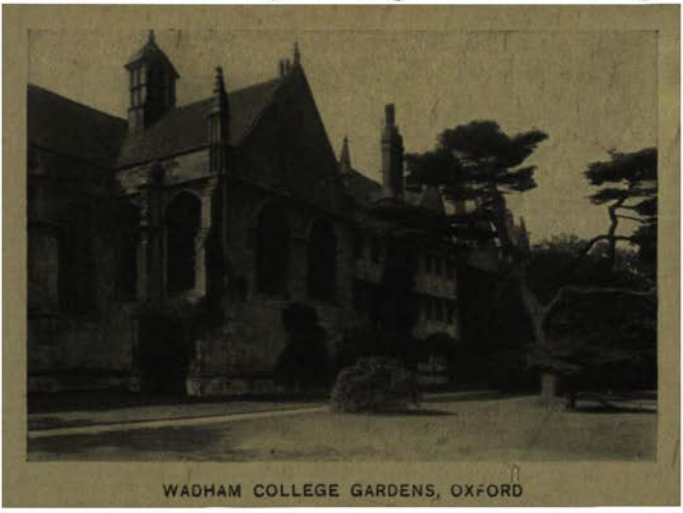
Oxford City

and, to a degree, at Harvard University. I am of those who regret the brevity of student days, their lack of true appreciation by the student, the perfunctoriness of the work all of us have carried on during our term.

To come upon Oxford for the first time on a bright spring morning is to wish oneself an active, eager senior again — still free of those indigestible responsibilities which lie in wait for every significant youth as he leaves Convocation Hall with his head full of valueless knowledge of the Greek and Roman makers of a world long dead, while his hands and mind are as untrained for life's rude realities as the 'bus horse for a hurdle race. But it is not with the somewhat obsolete curriculum of Oxford that this idle little volume has to do, or much, in consonance with recent criticism throughout England, might be said in condemnation of that perversive training which risks impairing the effective force of the flower of England's young manhood. The educational system of England cries for revolution, from the Board Schools to the Universities, a reformation which shall bring it into line with the needs and obligations of the twentieth century.

THE MAY (1905) EIGHTS AT OXFORD

It was in the physical, the moral, the artistic, and the ethical aspect of Oxford that my frequent visits found their recurring charm. Americans never pass Oxford by. Their own country, while great, is still strug-



WADHAM COLLEGE GARDENS, OXFORD

gling with the crudities of newness. To those who come in the spirit appropriate to a pilgrimage of English shrines, Oxford makes a fine appeal to lofty sentiment. Go the rounds of these ivied college buildings in the companionship of an old and enthusiastic *alumnus;* listen to his musing and his homilies, follow his affection for his own *alma mater,* and join him in that exaltation which

I have observed as he indicates points of artificial and natural beauty from Gothic façade to a turf six hundred years old, and you will get some notion of the tenacious influence of Oxford University.

I had letters to a head master and to several resident clergymen, but I have ever been diffident of the delivery of letters of introduction. In this day of the English promotor and the American trust-former, a letter of introduction is a sinister thing. Besides, why should the kindly and retiring dominies of Oxford be imposed upon by a pair of strenuous and enthusiastic young Americans come to pay their homage to all that is best in the Oxford of to-day? Russell rather dreaded the restraints of English hospitality — as he then conceived it to be — while I, who intended living in England for a few years, saw no practical profit in tempering that wild spirit for petty adventure which was my companion's perennial charm. So until I could return to Oxford and review (and revise) my first performance in the delightful association of Dr. Charles Lampriere, Senior Fellow of St. John's, I surrendered to Russell's own wild way of doing all things.

In the Wake of Pericles

One "Pericles," so-called, became our guide at so much *per diem* and a goodly tip if the quality of his services prompted special recognition. Pericles strove to be specially recognised, wherein lay our delectation and our misery. This man was of little learning, but of deadly assurance and loquacity. He knew Oxford "from its worms hup to 'eaven," he said; had the history of every college rolling from his lips like the chatter of the rook; wallowed in poetry and legend with unction and grossest satisfaction; and opinionated his remarks upon the decline of modern life as though he were the oracle of the race.

This Oxfordian character invested all things he dwelt upon with a flavour which I shall never forget. He was a beak-faced man, with dancing brown eyes and a cold red nose. He was astonished by our lack of marvel whenever he had dramatically described anything. Once he endeavoured to pump enthusiasm into us with a declamation that made the lapels of his worn coat flap in unison with his emotions. Here are his words: "The reverence in man's nature looks upon the Past with worshipful awe! The mad civilisation of to-day is, 'owhever,

dumbing a true sense of its meanin'. *We* only glance where once our fathers loved to ponder long. A life of 'aste, of superficial endeavour, of gold worship, of sacrilege, affords but a sorry understandin' of the best and the beautiful. *We* vault the moniments of an age of learnin'; the shrine of art is eyed with a listless gaze; olden 'eroes look slow in their quiet mien upon the 'allowed wall. There isn't enough bang and crash about the quadrant where a Newton built a mind, but hall is green and gray and quiet in hold Oxford." I candidly agreed with Pericles as his laboured brow shone moist in the sun.

Russell's smooth round face wore an expression of deep thought. He had been sat upon by a ten-shilling serf and was undecided whether to laugh boisterously or take a fall out of our shabby, earnest, parabolical guide. He compromised by grinning fearfully.

Pericles was prouder than the cockiest cock-pheasant ever reared in his shire. There were but two spheres to the mind of Pericles — Oxford and the Earth. London, to be sure, was located somewhere in the latter, but Oxford alone hung as a star in the sky.

We had come to historic Oxford, the

oldest Gothic pile in Britain. A traveller's time is all too brief in the midst of surroundings so mellowed and so splendid. Russell was a wag in spirit and performance, but when we had completed our first day's round of Oxford University, Russell was pensive; his pipe went out and a kindly gleam shone from eyes.

The Mitre Inn

We were lodging at the "Mitre," that quaint old hostelry where, it is said, Cardinal Wolsey when a student found refuge from the college proctors, held high wassail, and tippled many a classmate who, though of record "on the college foundation," was, after numerous tankards, frequently off his own. This old inn is a veritable rabbit warren of the fourteenth century, a clean, well kept, snug little house in all its parts. "Check your feet in the hall and go to bed head first," said Russell. Mine host is a manageress of grace and primness, and of that quiet firmness which suggests that an axe is held in reserve. Alas! for the noise we made one night when we met another party of Americans who were traversing the Thames in a launch, and the jests we coined as we watched Russell, learned in chemistry,

show the manageress his skill as a "mixologist." From under his deft hand, and by dint of his nimble shaking and pouring and mixing, came those thirst-quenching decoctions so dear to the palate of the true-born American "fellow." "What," asked the Senator from New York with the launch party, "with their revelry by night and shove and push and splash by day, is there on earth to compare with Columbia's children, so quick to do, so ready to pay, so electric in wit and spirit, so certain to die of a hurried life and wrecked nerves? But the phlegm and torpor of the Englishman have their uses, after all. They spread him out over eighty years, in a dull light and lazy intelligence perhaps, but they pickle him, nevertheless, to a ripe old age. The superficial brilliance and fervour of the American burn him out at fifty and penalise him with indigestion and an extravagant family which end him smartly at the age of sixty. It is a matter of opinion who has the best of this earthly tenancy.

Unexpected Speech by the Senator from New York

"The American justifies his characteristics of fresh enthusiasm, strenuous movement, by pointing to the achievement of his

rugged power in the night of a hundred years — years through which his Saxon brother has slept. What can you, even in the zenith of European egoism, gainsay of a nation which has the capacity to comprehend and value the beauty of age and historic form and splendour on one hand, and on the other to yoke the marts of the world to its overladen van? Some older nations pretend not to see the indomitable pace of this Western giant, and pass the whisper round to trip him up. But palsied arms and doddering legs have not the power to do it."

The Senator was nearly out of breath; but he recovered himself, and continued:

"The spirit which takes American youth to the most sacred shrines of distant nations, to their heritage and historic symbols, to all that is allied with a people's greatness, to the classic treasures of all ages and climes, also leads him on in his stern endeavour to comprehend and occupy, with a freer civilisation, the material possibilities of the world!"

"Bang!" said Russell in approval.

"But his pace is terrific and the foundation of his powers often hollow. Speed has not built deeply, and American purposes may not endure any better than the gallop-

ing American will endure unless he nurses his fibre with more deliberation and pays a lesser social tax upon his nervous system. Though he is the most adaptable traveller in the world, we often blush for some of him, oftener still for all of *her*, and sometimes slink away. Yet what would English inns and European hotels and *pensions* do without the grossly gaping purse of the fellow from across the sea?"

Some one muttered that the Senator knew his book. The coffee room contained others besides the Senator's launch party, Russell, and myself, among them a barrister and his friend, an architect. The barrister, having listened intently to the foregoing rhapsody, engaged the Senator in friendly discourse upon the difference in the dominant traits of the English and the Americans. As this discussion was punctuated with pipes and ale — an unwholesome indulgence following the libations prepared by Russell — the evening wore on convivially and with sententious arguments *pro* and *con*.

The barrister and architect intended cruising down the Thames in a rowing skiff rigged with a light cat-sail. The former was a tall, strongly built man, swarthy of face and with

a head heavy with the "black-lettered lore" of the bar. His companion and junior was a lithe young fellow of about thirty, blue-eyed and fair-haired. Both were English gentlemen, and of the stuff one is glad to know long beyond a vagrant cruise such as ours.

CHAPTER V

THE HISTORY OF OXFORD

Its Tradition and Legends — Saxons and Danes — The Legend of St. Frideswyde — The Norman Period — Oxford Castle — Robert D'Oyly — The First Schools — The University — The Monastic Friars — Roger Bacon and Duns Scotus — Old Oxford Walls — The "Annual Reparation View" — The Student's Kennel — The Oxford Influence — Sir Thomas Bodley — Archbishop Laud — The Colleges: their foundation — The Martyrs: Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley.

History of Oxford

Pericles was gaudily informed in the history of Oxford. He recited it, however, always with a keen regard for what he assumed to be the appreciative capacity of his temporary employers. Some heard him repeat merely bare facts, others inspired him to garnish his narrative with an extravagantly florid imagery that would have made the fame of many a dreary literary hack. Sometimes, but more especially immediately following our "special recognition," Pericles would recite poems whose authors had found the *divine afflatus* within the walls of Oxford.

These performances were at times pathetic, at others ludicrous.

Its Tradition

Tradition founds Oxford long before the Christian era. The legends of St. Frideswyde point to about the eighth century. Geoffrey of Mon-

TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD

mouth, of monkish renown in the eighteenth century, credulous as a Wessex dairymaid, naïvely asserts that Oxford was built 1009 years before Christ, by Memphric, King of the Britons. The town was then called Caer-Memphricii, and was located "upon the river Thames. And therefore deserves to be reckoned not only among the first and most antient cities of Britain, but of all

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

Europe and of the world." We have our own opinion of Geoffrey, and it is that on the starless night when he scrivened this guess he had overdone the rare canary that made the monastic cellar a joy for ever and a dream unwound.

Saxons and Danes

We know that the Saxons in their early day "much affected this city with hurt"; that is to say, bombarded it with rocks of flint and other missiles. Anything, so long as it was dangerous, would at that time do for bombarding and besieging purposes. Then the Danes bestirred themselves and put a torch to the proud little city, by such diverting warfare and by amatory enterprise perpetuating their blond countenances in England to this very day.

The Legend of St. Frideswyde

In the eighth century, the town was known as Oxnafordus and Oxenford, a ford across the Thames for the king's own oxen. The legends around the shrine of St. Frideswyde relate the story of that bashful lady's wooing by one Algar, King of Leicester. Unlike a twentieth century princess, this royal maid took flight, smote he pursuer blind, and finally took refuge with some succulent

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD

swine in Bampton woods. Three years thereafter she returned, with her spinsterhood, to Oxford. She had taken the veil in her own nunnery, much to the discomfiture of the knights of her time, for Didan's daughter was accounted "the flower of all these parts." Alas! she went the way of all flesh in 739 and was buried by the good people of Oxford in her own church, a fragment of which may still be found in the Lady chapel of Oxford cathedral.

The Norman Period

About the time of the Norman Conquest Oxford contained 1200 citizens. "Domesday Book" stated that "in Oxeneford are two hundred and forty-three houses, as well within as without the wall, that pay or yield geld; and five hundred and twenty-two more, at least, which are so wasted and destroyed that they cannot pay geld." From this it seems that William the Conqueror encountered difficulties in levying taxation as do the governments of to-day.

Oxford Castle

Oxford Castle, previously mentioned, was built in 1071 by Robert D'Oyly, to keep order in the neighbourhood, but particularly to keep an eye on the city of Oxford "which gave great

affronts and proved troublesome to King William." It was at the zenith of its glory just after the Conquest, and served one school of knights after another down to the time of the civil wars. Among many strange stories there is one related of the Empress Maud, who, being besieged by the army of King Stephen, escaped to Abingdon, a town eight miles below Oxford. The river was frozen when the lady and three gallant knights, all clad in ghostly white, stealthily crept at midnight from the postern gate and, passing the enemy's sentinels unobserved, crossed the ice and found refuge in the Roman town below.

Early in the nineteenth century the tower was used as the county gaol; thus from harbouring kings and princes and fair ladies, the grim and battlemented pile was gorged with petty offenders. What a hag-like age, and how far removed from its early dignity and splendour!

Robert D'Oyly

Robert D'Oyly (or d'Oilgi, as it is sometimes written) was an oppressor of the people. When King William had put him in charge of Oxford and its neighbourhood, he became a tyrant, levied heavily upon the town and gave his

rapacity full vent. A surfeit of this mode of evil brought remorse. Robert began to repent, and from being a builder of towers to affright the people into submission, he turned about and built churches. The tower of St. Michael's church, the chancel arch at Holywell, and the crypt and chancel of St. Peter's-in-the East, are all ascribed to him. He also built Hithe Bridge, now only recalled by a road of that name near the station.

The First Schools

There were schools in Oxford early in the twelfth century. Henry I (Beauclerc), the Scholar King, had a palace hard by Worcester College, and it may be that students were thus attracted to the city — a city which, since that day, has had a greater intellectual influence than any other in the world. In 1180 Theobald of Etampes had from sixty to a hundred "clerks" under his mastership. It seems he bore no love to the monks. He called their monasteries "prisons of the damned who have condemned themselves to escape eternal damnation."

The University

It was probably during the reign of Henry II that Oxford became a centre for students from all parts of England and of Europe. The

HIGH STREET, OXFORD

monarch who organised the English Constitution now established the University, and gave it powers independent of the town of Oxford. King John signed the Magna Charta on an island in the Thames (Runnymede) in 1215. About the same time the Chancellor of the University is first mentioned.

Supported by the King and the Church, the University made rapid progress, grew in power and influence, and gained an independence of all local law. It had plenary powers to try its own students for misdemeanors and crimes, for civil breaches and contractual default and debt. It was a court unto itself, and with some modifications is still such.

The principle of democracy which the union of many teachers in founding the University established, manifested itself in the time of Henry III, when the attitude of the students was on the side of liberty against the King. Indeed, both students and masters now organised into a strong society, forgot the homage and obedience they owed their foster-mother, the Church, and in many instances defied her authority. Time was, while Henry III was besieging Northampton, that he swore he would hang them all, and it was only with

great difficulty that he was prevented from carrying out his threat.

The Monastic Friars

The University naturally became the chief centre of the various monastic friars, especially of the Franciscans and Dominicans. The latter, followers of St. Dominic, settled in Oxford in 1221. The Franciscans settled under the city wall in the suburb south of St. Ebbe's Church. From the Franciscan priory there issued teachers of theology and philosophy who went out into all parts of England and abroad. Famous among these is the name of Roger Bacon,

Roger Bacon and Duns Scotus

perhaps the greatest name in Oxford science; of Duns Scotus, the subtle doctor, champion of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, and of William of Ockham.

Everybody has heard of Friar Bacon's Study which once stood where Folly Bridge now joins the city over the river Thames. This friar's name was once a by-word in all England. He was reviled, accused of practising magic, and on one occasion cited to report in Rome to the General of the Franciscan Order. Not until a later day was this really great man understood, and then came

that veneration for his name which is growing with the growth of Christian life.

Friar Bacon's Study was a tower built in the time of King Stephen as "a Pharos or high watch-tower for the defence of the city." It was demolished in 1779. There is no Roger Bacon pacing Folly Bridge to-day, but the religious thought that this great man inspired has bridged the space between despair and hope in nearly half the world.

Old Oxford Walls

Of the old walls of Oxford there are several interesting remains. Perhaps the best preserved are those sections in the gardens of New College. Part of the walls of Merton College are in fact the old wall of Oxford Close when the city's area was much smaller than it is to-day. An amiable cottager whom we casually met became greatly agitated while describing the annual ceremonial of the Mayor and Aldermen as "'companied by the Hoxford City orfficers and by the regal silver mace of Chawles the Second, they comes in solemn percession to trace these glorious old walls, an' demandin' the divine right to enter any 'ouse or gawden as occupies the site. The meanin' of it is, accordin' to its ancient name, 'The

The Annual "Reparation View"

Reparation View,' and was, my knowledge knows, instituted in ancient times for keepin' the walls in repair. The Mayor and Aldermen does the perambulatin' every year." Then this obliging stranger looked

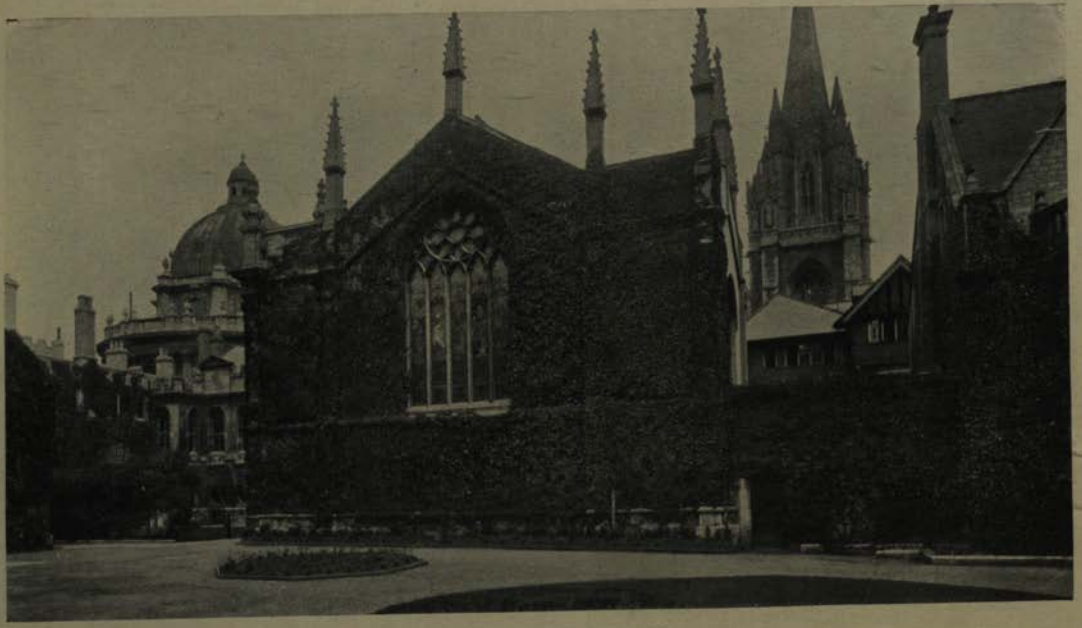
OLD CITY WALL, NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD

sixpence at each of us and betrayed the national trait.

The Students' Kennel

It was moonlight as I stood behind these walls in a little garden belonging to this stranger. We had picked our way up through narrow streets and alleys, down a chute called "Hell's Dip," behind ivy-draped cotters' homes, to a *cul-de-sac* where the heavy shadows were

splashed with the golden dapples of the moon. "Gaze on this, Sir," he whispered, "where the wealthy students of the University keeps their dogs. No dogs allowed in the college rooms at night, so they keeps 'em 'ere where they gets the best perfessional attendance in Hoxford, Sir." I put my ear to the ghostly, white-limed wall. A word from us and perhaps the midnight peace of that ivy-darkened court would have become a barking riot. We crept away, and, passing under mysterious arches, through quaint little gardens redolent of the rambler rose, over a fence and beneath the dew-wet boughs of fruit trees, emerged into a space where the moon hung low behind a dark and formless tower. This was New College. Its old wall abutted a picturesque and tiny garden with a centre path lined with sweet peas and other plants. Straight ahead a bright window shed its welcome light; the door opened wide and the stranger's wife demanded, sententiously, "'Enery, where 'ave you been?" Yes, I thought, Henry, where have you been? How many mugs of ale have gone in under your distended "wuss-coat" and how much of your wages have you left at the "Pink Cat Inn"? In England,



BRASENOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD

perhaps more than in any other European country, the labourer and his ale are not to be separated without a revolution. "No ale, no work!" A more stubborn social condition never existed in this land of soft sounds and rustic beauty, of white slaves and blind masters.

The Oxford Influence

It were presumption to attempt a description of Oxford, ancient, mediæval, or modern, in a sketch of this length. All Europe and much of America are in fact the book of Oxford, inasmuch as Oxford thought and teaching, her scholars, brave men, and lofty natures, have impressed their influence upon both the Anglo-Saxon and Latin races.

The College, and later the University, are the forces which have modelled many of the theological and intellectual tendencies of to-day. As a factor in the civilisation of the past eight centuries, Oxford once stood pre-eminent for her qualities of learning, piety, and patriotism; for her enlightenment and guidance in an age of strife and ignorance, superstition and infidelity. It was to the University and its cultured product that England owed more of her influence than to her arms. Obviously, this is much less true

to-day. Oxford and Cambridge, Eton, Harrow, and Winchester, indeed the entire "Educational system of England," are, in my opinion (an opinion which is shared by not a few Englishmen), all striving mightily in a wrong direction, and that without some radical changes in this system, there will be a lessening in the effectiveness of England in the world's competition.

Beginning with the generous example of Walter de Merton in 1274, when he founded Merton College, to the foundation of Hertford College in 1874, no city has given modern life a greater heritage in men and noble record. But for a time, during the reign of the insatiate Henry VIII, it seemed as if Oxford would perish. The courtiers of that period were for divesting the Universities of their lands and parcelling them out, brigand fashion, among themselves. Fortunately the King had a few virtues among his many vices, and the spoliation scheme was defeated. But with all the protection which this monarch bestowed upon the properties themselves, Oxford fell into decay, her roll of students dwindled, and many of the schools were let for domestic purposes, among others for "drying clothes," and the library

books were destroyed by the vandals of Edward VI.

Sir Thomas Bodley

Oxford, and indeed all England, were in a bad plight when Elizabeth ascended the throne. But the advent of this monarch heralded a new and

"LIME TREE WALK," TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD

glorious era. Elizabeth encouraged learning by choosing for her service eminent and hopeful students. Sir Thomas Bodley was the first of these, and his brilliant example spurred

Archbishop Laud

Oxford to her rehabilitation and restored her renown. Then followed a long line of eminent scholars, each in his turn carrying on the Uni-

versity's prosperity. Archbishop Laud re-cast its statutes and built Convocation House, Oxford's parliament. The city became in spirit the Royalist capital of England, and later, during the Civil War, an actual court and fortress.

In our own day the democratic changes made in its statutes and earlier clerical restrictions have greatly extended the sympathies of the University. Now the marriage of fellows is permitted, new subjects of study have been introduced and endowed, religious tests have been removed, and women admitted to the teaching. The University, and many of the colleges, have added to their buildings, often enhancing the beauty of the city. In fact, the Oxford of to-day is larger and grander than ever before, and the treasures of its past have been faithfully preserved in spite of the alterations and additions necessitated. That Past is still glorified in the beautiful Saxon, early Norman, English, Gothic, and Italian structures which make Oxford the stateliest intellectual monument in the world.

The Colleges: Their Foundation

Merton, Balliol, and University colleges were founded between the years 1274 and 1300; Exeter, Oriel, Queen's, and New colleges between 1314 and 1386; Lincoln, All Souls', and

Magdalen colleges between 1430 and 1460; Brasenose, Corpus Christi, and Christ Church colleges between 1507 and 1532; St. John's, Trinity, Jesus', and Wadham colleges between 1555 and 1610; Pembroke College in 1620; Worcester College in 1714; Keble College in 1865; Hertford College in 1874. The oldest part of the Bodleian Library dates from 1444–1480, and was restored by Sir Thomas Bodley at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is the oldest public library in Europe. The Radcliffe Library was founded about the middle of the eighteenth century.

The Martyrs: Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley

The most impressive spot in Oxford is in Broad Street, where, opposite the ivy-draped gateway of Balliol College, an iron cross marks the place where bigotry and superstition put to death, by burning, the three prelates, Thomas Cranmer, Hugh Latimer, and Nicholas Ridley. The Martyrs' Memorial near by was erected in 1841, just three centuries after the adoption throughout England of Cranmer's Bible. It is a superb testimonial of belated admiration for the three truly great men who surrendered their lives at the stake rather than sacrifice the principles which constituted English liberty.

The old Ashmolean Museum, the new Science Museum, and University Galleries, and its churches of great antiquity, all stand to perpetuate a splendour and a spirit begot in that olden time which each student, each

BALLIOL COLLEGE AND MARTYRS' MEMORIAL, OXFORD

lover of history, romance, and tradition, sees through different glasses. Many profitable days can be spent in dear old Oxford even by him who sees nothing but decay in mouldering walls, nothing but immateriality in the quiet spirit of ancient shrines, their intangible beauty and silent appeal.

CHAPTER VI

CRUISING FROM OXFORD TO NUNEHAM

The Toil of the Tow-Path — The River Cherwell — Iffley, the first Lock — Sandford and Nuneham Courtenay — The Beaver-Tailed Dame of the Banks of Nuneham.

Russell

It was six o'clock on a bright cool Monday morning in July that Russell began disturbing the peace that rested upon the "Mitre" at Oxford. He rang for "boots" at a time when a surgeon is required to open a servant's eyes; asked for hot water before the lazy English fire had warmed the range; ordered breakfast for a time shockingly inconsistent with that deliberate British service which had years and years agone expunged the word *speed* from its vocabulary. Where Russell was not himself a difficulty, he made one. He seemed to thrive on other people's troubles — in which respect he was like English solicitors and barristers, who, having possession of Parliament, enact laws to incite litigation and perpetuate injustice. Russell had the wind and bluster of the

savage in his blood. He was at ease only when producing noise, that chief of American products which the wise traveller would leave at home. He was always hurrying off on some undefined mission, snatching a sensation here, showing emotion there — an impulsive, generous, clever fellow whose intellectual ebulliency seemed for ever restlessly experimenting with him.

As we put our two light parcels of luggage aboard the *Fuzzy-Wuzzy* at Folly Bridge, the trim launch *Isis* was being ship-shaped for the American party we had left at the "Mitre." We should fall in with this merry crew later on.

Cruising from Oxford

The morning was emerging from a soft gray mist which hung low over the river as we glided down stream, Russell in the bow, the luggage in the boat's waist, and I in the stern — "for steering and paddling purposes" — as Russell informed me. Sometimes Russell would lay aside the guide book he read aloud as we plied our pretty course, and plunge mightily with his short paddle, more to impress the village watermen, I suspect, than from any genuine desire to work. Russell was in all respects a being of luxury; he was small and fat and

soft. Besides, paddling interfered with his enjoyment of the tranquil scene, with his frequent pipes, and the assiduous attention he paid to his thirst.

The reach from Folly Bridge to where the two arms of the river Cherwell empty into the Thames is lined on the Oxford side with the fantastic boat houses and barges of the college crews. These are used as club houses by the students, and afford many comforts and much sport. Here Christ Church Meadow, with its public promenade and embowered students' walk, comes to the river's edge. On Saturdays and Sundays this reach is a busy scene of pleasure craft. Occasionally the students give a concert or a dance on the upper decks of their barges, Japanese lanterns swing in the summer breeze, and prettily gowned girls and athletic young collegians enliven the meadow banks with their simple English pleasures. Such events are charming and display an admirable side of English rural life.

The Toil of the Tow-path

The tow-path which extends along the river bank from Oxford down to Teddington, near Richmond, is used for towing both pleasure boats and the heavy barges of commerce.

It is a novel and an unpleasant sight to observe a sun-sweltered man struggling along the dusty path towing a boat up stream, the occupant of which seldom seems to realise his laziness or the beast of burden he is making of his fellow-man at a shilling an hour.

The River Cherwell

The Cherwell is perhaps more concerned with the inner student life of Oxford than the Thames itself, in that its course through the University City lies within the grounds of Magdalen as well as Christ Church. It rises in the Arbury Hills, near Davantry, in Northamptonshire, flows past the town of Banbury, of "cakes and ale" fame, continues, an unnavigable stream for forty miles and on its arrival at Oxford surrounds an island appertaining to Magdalen College; then ripples on beside Addison's Walk — that sun-dappled bower for meditative exercise — which may be seen from the bridge that spans the Cherwell at High Street, near the Botanic Gardens.

A short distance below the mouth of the Cherwell, on the opposite bank of the Thames, is an interesting backwater with several islands and estuaries; one arm flows back in the direction of Oxford, the other

finds the Thames again at Rose Island, a pretty little green spot below Iffley Lock.

Iffley, the First Lock

Iffley is a quaint village, the site of the first lock below Oxford. It has a fine example of an Anglo-Norman parochial church dating from the time of King Stephen. This church was built by the monks of Kenilworth some time before the twelfth century, an aged yew tree in the churchyard recalling the early custom of building a church hard by the yew tree when the practice of archery was enforced by law. Thus knights found their bow staves upon sacred soil.

Sandford and Nuneham Courtenay

Sandford, two miles below, is a picturesque combination lock, weir, and mill. On the nearest hill to your left the mansion of Nuneham Courtenay can be seen rising loftily above its beautiful park. Opposite, half a mile from the river, lies the village of Radley, behind sloping acres on which pedigree cattle graze in the morning sun. Just below Nuneham Park a very picturesque island is well worth exploration, provided the old lady who lives in the straw-thatched cottage near the rustic bridge which joins the island to the park will permit a landing. This old dame

IFFLEY MILL

— perhaps a pensioner of the manor — would not permit us to approach her shore in order to photograph the island and the moss-grown bridge, which appears more like a well-designed stage-setting than a structure in man's service.

The Beaver-Tailed Dame of the Banks of Nuneham

In passing through that arm of the stream which washes the banks of Nuneham Park we disturbed the old dame's ducks with our audible admiration of the scene's loveliness. It may have been Russell's red face or my white hat, the refreshments tucked in the boat on both sides of Russell's round body; or it may have been due to the old lady's bad liver — a common complaint in the malaria of the Thames valley. At any rate, this irate dame took her stand on the duck-landing with a broom in her fist and a look on her unkindly face that portended assassination. As the nose of the canoe touched the beach, Russell leaned forward to step out. Suddenly a shower of gravel and water poured upon us from the enemy's vigorously wielded broom; a shove and a kick and we were literally swept out to sea, followed by the anathema of this rebellious shrew. There was no arguing the matter

NUNEHAM COURTENAY. THE COTTAGE

with her for either brotherly love or the King's coin. Her obstructive zeal evidently amounted to a passion, and the kodaker from the fastnesses of New York seems to be the special *bête noir* of this beaver-tailed dame of the banks of Nuneham. However, once out of reach of her sand-spitting broom, we photographed her cottage and the bridge. Then, waving back our qualified respects, we emerged into the broader reach of the river.

CHAPTER VII

ABINGDON TO SHILLINGFORD

The River Ocke — A River Inn — The English Barmaid — Sutton and Culham — Clifton Hampden — The River Tame — Dorchester — The Abbey — An American Vicaress — The Jesse Window — Shillingford — The Swan Inn.

Just below the island we overtook the barrister and the architect in their cat-rigged boat making slow headway. They saw us come from under the rustic bridge, and inquired, with some curiosity: "How did you get through there?" "Oh," said Russell, "we got through there all right after one tornado and a large syndicate of small difficulties. Our pilot house is stove in, the first mate is full of gravel, and the helmsman disabled! Can you fellows lend me a clean shirt?"

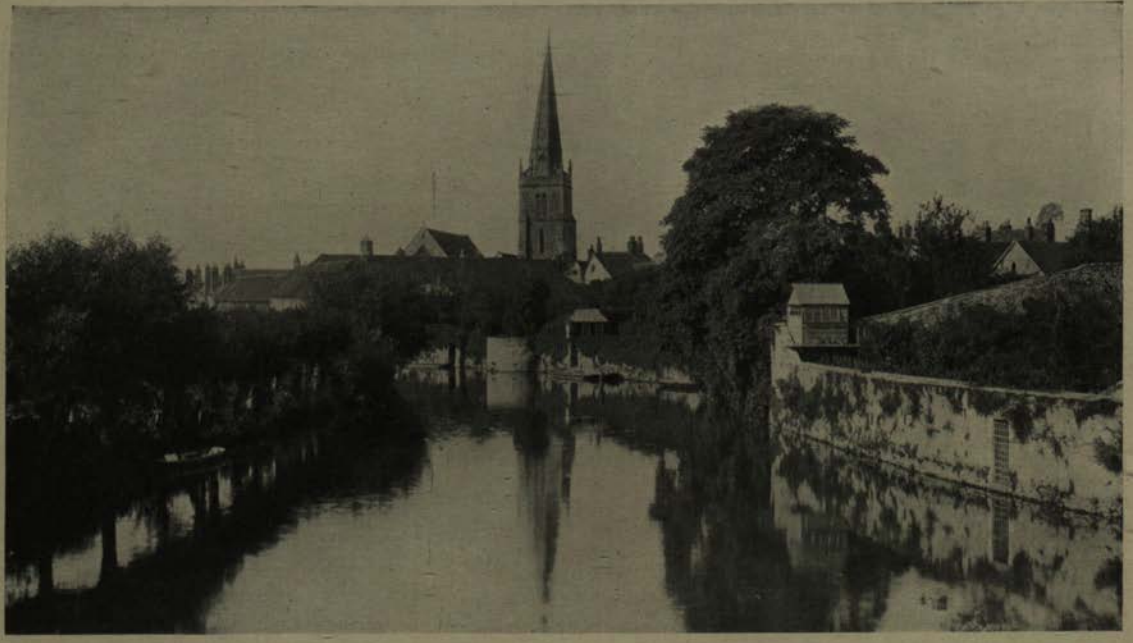
A merry twinkle gleamed in the barrister's eyes as he viewed my mud-draggled colleague. He seemed to know the beaver-tailed dame of the banks of Nuneham.

Abingdon

A few miles ahead the ancient Roman town of Abingdon promised us a luncheon and Russell an opportunity to dress himself presentably. The banks are rather flat along here and there is nothing of special interest until Abingdon Lock is reached. Beyond the meadows on the right bank is Wick Farm, a fine agricultural seat. A backwater which cuts through the left bank of the Thames about a mile and a half above Abingdon, and rejoins the river at Culham Bridge, forms Andersey Island, a large tract of land opposite Abingdon.

The River Ocke

We are now eight miles below Oxford at one of the most ancient towns in the kingdom, at the junction of the river Ocke, a small stream which rises in the Vale of the White Horse. Cisa, sister of the King of the West Saxons, founded a hospital here in the seventh century. Henry VIII caused this, and all other charitable institutions, to be forfeited to the Crown, and because the Abbot of Abingdon was the first to acknowledge the King's supremacy, he was rewarded by the gift of the manor of Cumnor, together with a pension of £200 a year. Christ's Hospital, erected in 1553, is a very interesting pile; so, too, are the old



AT ABINGDON. ST. HELEN'S CHURCH

almshouses which surround the churchyard of Abingdon. The bridge at Abingdon is very old and was built by a force of three hundred men whose wages were a penny each per day. This was considered a good price in those days.

A River Inn

A quaint little inn stands where the bridge joins the left bank of the river and overlooks Andersey Island, the lock, weir, and backwater above the bridge. This was the first hostel we saw which looked as if its host might make one comfortable for an hour. We therefore brought the *Fuzzy-Wuzzy* alongside the float and made our way up outside stairs to a room on a level with the Roman road and bridge above. In a few moments the barrister and architect had joined us, and the quartet of lusty appetites set to to lay waste a pair of cold fowls and a well-cured ham, with the usual concomitant (in England) of a mixed green salad. Cold fowl and ham is the national lunch. Sometime a casual inn will serve you a gutta-percha property fowl and a farmer's cured ham that seems to be having a relapse after its cure. In this instance the fowl and the ham and the ale were a feast

in the mouth of a famishing man. The little woman who waited upon us seemed pleased to observe our relish, and a word of praise from Russell did much to bring back those blushes of her youth, when she must have been as pretty as a water Iris. After lunch we climbed still further aloft to a tiny balcony built over the river. Here we told yarns until the coffee came to remind us that coffee in England is the worst drink in Europe. Our post-prandial prattle drifted to the British barmaid. Russell wished to know what degraded period of the British nation had produced the *genus*. "It was horrible enough that in England women of the lower class should have descended to drunkenness so generally, but for a government to tolerate an institution wherein young women to the number of over 80,000 purveyed the arsenicated beer which wrecked their sisters, that was indeed an ineradicable stain upon the nation."

"My dear fellow," said the barrister indulgently, as he sipped his muddy coffee, "the public house in England without the barmaid would not only be contrary to an old and honourable custom, but it would be an invitation to ruin on the part of the publican

who had abolished the talkative, sloppy girl who, with red, wet fingers, artificial politeness, and flirtatious unction, served you with liquor in an English taproom. In Glasgow the Scotsman is beginning to realise the national disgrace; and already steps are being furthered to abolish the barmaid, and direct her energies and her morals into fairer courses. But in England I expect no such drastic reform. There are 15,000 young women in London in daily association with the most degrading vice in the world; in the midst of its obscenity and squalor, its misery, its exaggeration of all that is worst in men and alas! also in women. Horrible? Of course it's horrible!"

"I suppose," said Russell, flinging his coffee, cup and all, into the Thames with a wicked satisfaction, "the ancient and honourable custom of barmaidism was inherited from the god Olympus, who, you may remember, employed a barmaid by the name of Hebe."

The architect seemed bored and simply remarked that he fancied the English, although criticised north of the Tweed and across the Atlantic and everywhere else, were not likely to abolish a custom inherited long

ABINGDON BRIDGE

before the Christian era. "The long term of its existence in my country justifies it! No further defence is necessary. Savages, gentlemen, are not expected to either understand or appreciate those old and venerable customs which are both the spirit and the fabric of English liberty."

As this blunt disposition of the case was in perfect alignment with average magisterial pronouncements in the minor English courts, all hands good-naturedly made for the boats without further ado.

Near Abingdon the river makes a great bend to the left at its junction with the Berkshire and Wiltshire canal, which flows into it from the right. At Culham Bridge it turns sharply to the right, thence to the left past Sutton Courtenay on its right arm and Culham on its left, the two arms of the river leaving the main stream a short distance above Sutton Courtenay and joining each other below the Sutton Bridge to Culham.

Sutton and Culham

Sutton and Culham lie in an orchard district, in the midst of fertile fields and meadows jewelled with a great variety of wild flowers — a region of rural loveliness, cool pools, and luxuriant islands. Here the banks are high and green

to the water's gentle wash, and upon their shaded summits the graves of early Romans and Saxons are discovered from time to time by the progressive vandals of modern civilisation.

The little well-ordered village of Appleford lies on the right, where the Great Western Railway bridge spans the river. Just below, the river fairly squirms through Long Wittenham, another site of early Roman occupation. Here vases, coins, Anglo-Saxon jewels, and Roman earthworks have been exhumed. A very picturesque weir is seen as the boat begins to follow the frequent bends in the river above Long Wittenham, where a canal, called Clifton Cut, is now used for navigation. The voyager should explore the old river through the village by turning sharply back to the right at Clifton Lock, where the Cut, which has been redeemed from its artificial appearance by a row of low-dipping willows, flows into the main stream.

Clifton Hampden

The church of Clifton Hampden, a prosperous village just ahead where the river flows under Clifton Bridge, can be seen upon a prominent hill on our left. This temple of worship is not

very old as age is reckoned by the antiquarian, but its artistic beauty is an enduring monument to its architect and its founder.

The River Tame

It is now a barren sweep to Little Wittenham, two miles away. This is a quaint village where one might live a hundred years and never hear of stocks, politics, or wars. Half a mile round a sharp bend to the left, with our backs towards the Long Wittenham range of hills whose summits wear little combs of trees, we come upon the river Tame, the most attenuated damp spot that man ever dignified with the name river. But for a dilapidated bridge and a clump of dishevelled willows one would paddle by without noticing the stream that timidly winds a little way from its stifled source in the Chiltern Hills, in Buckinghamshire, through Aylesbury's productive vale to the ancient city of Dorchester, where it seems so weary of its thirty-nine mile course that it hardly moves at all.

Dorchester

The seeker after England's rural beauty and historic interest should ply his canoe up the Tame to Dorchester. In the dykes and ancient entrenchments he will see signs of early Roman

DORCHESTER ABBEY

occupation. In the seventh century the city must have been at the zenith of its magnificence and clerical influence. Here Birinus came from Rome to convert the West Saxons, and here was first preached the Gospel of Christ. Here King Cynegil and King Oswald were baptised and gave the town for the foundation of an Episcopal See in honour of the occasion. It became the largest and most powerful See in all England, comprising the kingdoms of the West Saxons and the Mercians. Here a score of bishops once sat in papal grandeur until certain divisions were effected whereby a number of bishoprics were taken out of it. In 1066 Remegius removed the See to Lincoln.

The Dorchester of to-day is little more than the shrunken remnant of a splendid past. It was a perfect day on which we walked into the town after an early breakfast at Shillingford, two miles away. The river Tame was very low as we cruised past its mouth on the previous day, so we decided to go on to Shillingford, put up for the night, and enjoy the exhilarating walk back to Dorchester on the morrow.

I had heard something of Dorchester Abbey and its remarkable interior decorations.

An American Vicaress

The vicaress is an American lady who came to England about twenty years ago. By her kindly guidance and intelligent recital of the abbey's history, we were soon led into a veritable maze of fact and fiction concerning this long and very peculiar church. I believe the Oxford Architectural Society is to be credited with rescuing the structure from the utter decay which threatened it half a century ago. What now remains is well cared for and seems to be an object of fervent admiration to the vicar's wife.

The Jesse Window

Exteriorly the Norman features of Dorchester Abbey are its best preserved and most striking beauty. Interiorly the structure owes its celebrity, perhaps, to the only specimen of its kind in England, its Jesse Window, which lights the north side of the chancel. At the base sill lies the figure of Jesse, from whose body rises the tree of the Saviour's genealogy. Its stem forms the centre mullion, its branches crossing the other mullions and forming the intersecting tracery of the window, the whole being richly sculptured with foliation. At each intersection there is a figure of the tribe of Jesse. My lady's lecture upon this curious

piece of work was quite as remarkable as the work itself, while Russell's analysis of the subject and eager search for elucidation were altogether embarrassing. However, the earnestness of our guide and the sober presence of the barrister sustained me in becoming conduct until I got beyond the churchyard. There Russell got his deserts!

On the south side the church contains some brilliant sedilia and piscina which are in a state of excellent preservation. The ancient font is an object of rare beauty. Its upper portion is Norman, the shaft being of a later period. The circular bowl exhibits figures of Apostles seated in semi-circular arches, bordered below with foliage. The whole of this portion of the font is of lead, a rare material in such early work and therefore the more precious to the antiquary. Byzantine taste dominates the entire piece.

Out in the churchyard, gray and moss-grown monuments record the sleep of many generations. The thrush and the starling were singing and piping in the early morning sun; the dew was still upon the grass and a soft, cool freshness issued therefrom. Along the silent course of the tiny Tame the flowering rush swayed with supple tendrils in

THE FONT, DORCHESTER ABBEY

the breeze; the water gladioli dipped and nodded. It was a silent, golden day as we slowly wandered out of what remains of the ancient city of Dorchester, its long, vine-clad abbey scarred and bruised by the Reformation, its erstwhile pomp and splendour swathed in the shroud of Time.

Shillingford

Opposite the mouth of the Tame stands Little Wittenham Wood, a goodly forest-park adjoining Lowerhill Farm. Around this estate the river Thames makes a deep bend, then winds in sharper curves on to Shillingford. Here the scene is loveliness indeed, hills on the right and parks on the left. Approaching the village of Shillingford the boat seems headed straight for a beautiful country house, apparently built across the stream. Not until your craft is within forty feet of the flowered lawn of this river home does the stream turn sharply to the right between high cat-o'-nine tails and swaying water reeds. A little way beyond, a pretty island lies off the north bank, where the river makes a turn to the left. From this point Shillingford Bridge is seen spanning the water sombrely, casting its shadows in the moonlight. On its high right bank, about one hundred yards from the

FROM SHILLINGFORD TO DORCHESTER

water, stands the hospitable "Swan Inn," a stark white box against the dark green hills. It was ten o'clock on a bright, warm, moonlit night when we shouted our arrival at the "Swan Inn" float and found our way to a tardy supper.

The Swan Inn

CHAPTER VIII

BENSINGTON WEIR TO READING

Midnight Swim — Bensington Weir — Wallingford — Sir William Blackstone's Home — Moulsford and South Stoke — Streatley and Goring — Pangbourne Reach — Pangbourne — Hardwicke House, Charles I — Maple-Durham — Purley — Caversham — Reading.

Shillingford is an antiquated frontier village of red brick and thatched cottages of the better sort. It once divided the realms of the West Saxons and Mercians, but the fortunes of war brought it under the dominion of one master after another. The village proper lies on the left bank of the river opposite the "Swan Inn."

The barrister and the architect had arrived earlier in the evening, and now informed us that the inn, being overcrowded, its host would be unable to put us up for the night unless we adapted ourselves to the necessity for sleeping on cots in a room with six other fellows. Russell said he would sleep in the tap-room, to which I interposed objections for reasons that are obvious.

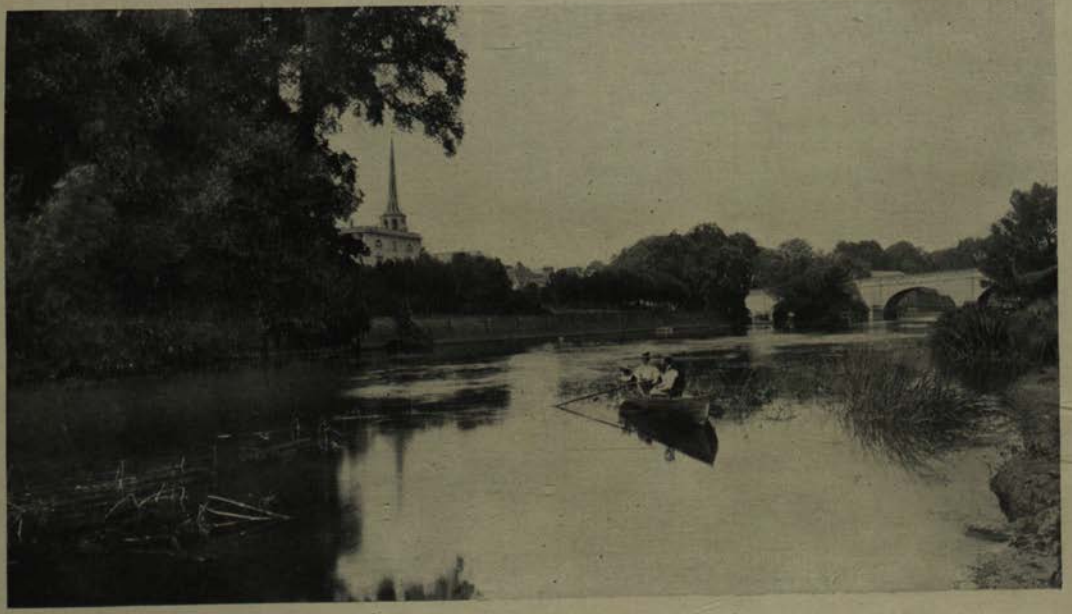
We strolled out into the uncertain light of the night, past fragrant rose gardens, up the coach road toward Wallingford, and down to the river's edge where our boat lay upon the sod. The water glinted where the moon's rays fell full upon it; in the shadow it looked like ink. The willows were silent; the old bridge stood like a Roman wall unsentinelled and dead. Yonder the village was fast asleep. "Let's swim!"

Midnight Swim

In a moment there were two whops, two splashes, and two men feathering their gleaming bodies through water that produced sensations unspeakably delicious. What can excel a vigorous swim at midnight with the moon floating overhead, after a day's work in the sun, and the freedom of an ancient kingdom to wallow in?

The next morning we were up and out at six o'clock. There had been eight of us asleep in one room; but as Englishmen are the best of fellows in a common difficulty, we had fared well. With the crowded tubbing and rubbing and dressing, that long, cot-equipped room looked like the barracks of Lahore.

It is a pretty reach of water from



WALLINGFORD CHURCH AND BRIDGE

Shillingford to Wallingford. Rush Court is seen on our right soon after the canoe is on its way, and on the left the old "Bell Inn" offers hospitality to the traveller on the road from Wallingford to Dorchester. Further on, the river bends to the right where Bensington Weir and Lock, and a picturesque island, enrich the morning scene. Just past the island both banks and stream show the animation of the town of Wallingford a short distance beyond.

Bensington Weir

Time was when the Britons, the Romans, the Saxons, and the Danes each had their settlements there. It boasted a mint before the Conquest. A specimen of the silver penny struck at Wallingford by Edward the Confessor, is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Here the Empress Maud was besieged by King Stephen during the civil wars, and on the river banks a conference took place between the contending armies whereby it was resolved that Stephen should possess the Crown during his life and that Henry II, son of the besieged Empress, should succeed him.

Wallingford

It was at Wallingford that the eminent and learned jurist, Sir William Blackstone, lived, and wrote his great "Commentaries

STREATLEY MILL AND BRIDGE

on the Laws of England." His house may still be seen from the river, a short distance below the bridge. Mingled feelings of respect and pain filled me as we paddled by. I recalled the long, laborious hours, the low-burning wick, the abstruse and heavy profundities, and the unkindly "exams" for which Sir William was responsible in my preparation for the Bar. I plied my paddle vigorously and hastened on as Russell announced that of the few old churches still preserved at Wallingford, Sir William had erected one at his own expense — a penance, I presume, for imposing his heavily learned commentaries upon hard-driven aspirants to the Bar.

Sir William Blackstone's Home

A short distance below the town bridge is Chalmore Lock and Weir; and farther on, a ferry between a profusion of dark green foliage and noble trees. Mongewell, just below, is a fine mansion in the midst of beautiful gardens and wide plantations. A little farther on, somewhat removed from the opposite bank, is Cholsey, where an old church is worth the interest of the antiquary. Nearer the river is Cholsey Hill; and beyond that, about opposite to North Stoke, on the left, is the County Lunatic Asylum. At this

CLEVE WEIR

point Russell made suggestions which tended to a breach of the peace.

Moulsford and South Stoke

Opposite is Little Stoke, below which the Great Western Railway Bridge spans the river near Moulsford on the right. A ferry crosses the river at South Stoke, where the quaint "Beetle and Wedge Inn" stands. Here the river courses to the left past chalk hills and a variety of scene dotted with modern homes of rare beauty. The "Leather Bottle Inn" marks a point where the river turns and passes through Cleve Lock. This is a picturesque spot, with a weir in each arm of the stream and four beautiful islands enhancing its loveliness. The village of Cleve lies to the left where the railway traverses the plain.

Streatley and Goring

A short distance ahead are the Streatley hills, at the foot of which lie the villages of Streatley and Goring, the former in Berkshire, the latter in Oxfordshire, joined by a long, attractive bridge. There are several well-kept islands above and below the bridge, from the mainland to one of which is Goring Lock. "Swan Inn" stands invitingly on the right bank. In Goring, close to the water's edge, stands an interesting church. In the spring swans and

THE THAMES AT GORING

cygnets abound in the river and on the islands in this vicinity. They are bold creatures and hiss at the canoeist as they encircle his boat. Russell, whose guilt of hidden kindnesses recurred in many ways, had provided a loaf of bread which he pinched to bits and scattered to the ever increasing flock of graceful birds. Before we had passed Goring ours was a white procession a hundred yards long.

The "Grotto" is an odd little inn near the two islands, a little below Goring. Here the river winds to the right and passes under a railway bridge. Beyond this on the right, a short distance from the river, is Basildon Park and mansion. From Gatehampton, on the left bank, a ferry does service in the old way. Hartslock Wood is a splendid forest on the left bank, directly in front of which a number of wooded islands mark the end of the famous Pangbourne reach, celebrated for its fine racing course and beautiful banks. Coombe Lodge lies beyond the park, on the left, between Hartslock Wood and Whitchurch. Pangbourne is first seen as the river winds to the left. The "Swan Inn" on the right bank is one of the most rustic hostelries in the kingdom. The "George Inn," situated

Pangbourne Reach

WHITCHURCH

in an old square within the village, is new and typically uncomfortable. We were, however, greatly impressed with the enterprising solicitude and care which its host bestowed on our party. In the service of the "George" and similar modern inns, one sees the decline and fall of those old straw-thatched English hostelries which, pleasing to look upon, are utterly devoid of those creature comforts which a little intelligence and a little thrift would provide. Pretence and prices seem to be their only purpose. The exceptions, whether old or new, are therefore objects of acclaim.

Pangbourne

Pangbourne on the Thames is all loveliness. Its tiny river, Pang, flows through the village and purls under a bridge near the "George Inn." It empties into the Thames below a rippling weir whose eternal rustle and drip is the soul of woodland music. This weir forms a pool, clear, deep, and cool, where an early morning swim is an experience to be long remembered. The boating facilities at Pangbourne and its neighbour, Whitchurch, across the river, are extensive. Here the village folk foregather on Saturdays and Sundays and ply their various craft up and down the Pangbourne

IN STATE ALONG THE THAMES

reach. Wooded hills to the left hide picnic parties in their cool shade; the angler for perch is encamped beneath some drooping willow near a lonely "pitch"; on the right bank cattle graze upon the flat and fertile mead. All day the summer sun may pour down its benediction upon the drifting boats which shift their gaily-coloured companies along the famous course.

Hardwicke House. Charles I

Below Pangbourne, in the direction of Bozedown Farm, on the left shore, undulating chalk hills offer little of interest to the voyager except as contrast to the flat areas on the right bank. Hardwicke House, seated on a wooded height above the river, with its great old yew trees and fanciful arcades, was the retreat of Charles I during the troublous period that preceded his fall. I recalled again Sir Henry Irving's beautiful stage setting in the second act of his play of "Charles I," where the scene is laid upon the spacious lawns of Hardwicke, the luxuriant appurtenance of a princely house.

Maple-Durham

If an artist sought to find the most perfect composition of what would make a masterpiece of the Thames, he should look upon Maple-Durham,

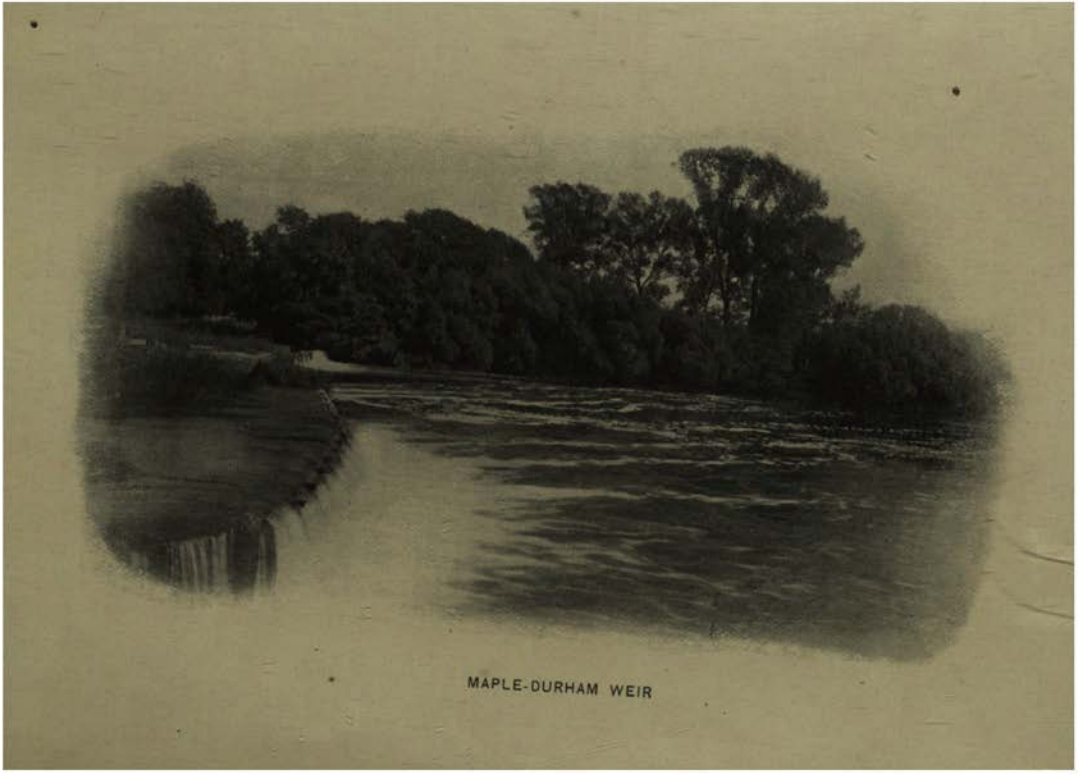
MAPLE-DURHAM CHURCH

its ferry, lock, weir, and moss-veneered mill, with its gables and turrets, its eaves, thatches, and foliate richness and rusticity. This bit of clustered loveliness has the gray church tower and the outline of Maple-Durham House for background. Before it the river swirls and eddies, the lock swells and sinks the bosom of the imprisoned stream, the weir has a rhythmic cadence by day and night, and when the moon shines full upon the quaintly huddled islets below the lock, the liquid pools seem racing like silvern clouds in an inky sky.

Purley

On the opposite bank, somewhat removed from the river, is the village of Purley. Here where the grounds of Purley Hall reach the Thames, the tow-path changes from the right to the left bank of the stream, a primitive ferry conveying men and horses across. At Kentwood Deeps, half a mile below, the tow-path continues again on the right bank to Caversham Bridge—a curious structure, partly of wood, partly of stone. During the civil war there was some bloody conflict in and around Caversham between the troops of Parliament and those of the King. The quiet hills, the pastoral tranquillity of the

Caversham



MAPLE-DURHAM WEIR

village environs to-day, bear no evidence of strife.

A goodly sized island lies just below Caversham Bridge. The river winds to the left and flows on with Lower Caversham on the north bank and the city of Reading on the south.

Reading

Reading is the capital of Berkshire, a thriving city of red brick aspect, as seen from the river, which here flows for part of its course between banks alternately high and low. It is a Saxon town, as its termination *ing* implies. The Rœdingas was a family, or what in Scotland would be termed a clan, whose chief was named Rœda. The name therefore meant the seat and estates of this family. Generally in England such a family's name was joined with *ham* or *tun*, signifying a residence, as Birmingham (the home of the Bœrmingas), Wellington (the tun or dwelling of the Wœllingas), but in the southern counties, Berkshire, Sussex, and Surrey, the family name, was given to the site or manor simply.

Chapter IX contains something of the history and antiquities of Reading.

CHAPTER IX

READING

Its Antiquities and Churches — Its Parish Registers and Church-wardens' Accounts.

Before taking boat again the tourist should devote one full day at least to exploring the county town of Berkshire. At first sight Reading appears nothing more than an ordinary thriving English town, with several engineering shops, a large trade in seeds grown in its vicinity, and the largest and best known biscuit manufactory in the world, that of Messrs. Huntley & Palmer, both gentlemen liberal benefactors of the town. But in reality Reading is much more than this. The town is situated in the midst of a most picturesque country, and many places are easily accessible from it, Sonning being only three and a half miles and Henley nine and a half miles down the river, while up stream the beautiful reaches of Maple-Durham are three and a half, and Pangbourne five and a half miles. Several places equalling

or exceeding Three Mile Cross in interest, are within easy reach inland — Bradfield, Englefield, Shinfield, and Aldermaston. Reading is thirty-seven miles from Oxford and thirty-nine miles from London.

History of Reading

A brief recital of a few of the facts which make up the history of the town will enable the visitor to better appreciate the quaint memorials with which Reading's numerous churches abound. Reading has been the theatre of many memorable events. In 871 the Danes brought their warships up the Thames as far as Kennet, and selected Reading as the base for their aggressive operations in the West of England. Driven from London by periodical visitations of the Plague, the English Parliament has many times sat at Reading. It did so as late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In 1625 the National Law Courts were temporarily removed to Reading from Westminster from the same cause. In 1643 the town was besieged by the Parliamentary troops commanded by the Earl of Essex, and suffered great damage; and again in 1688, when the Prince of Orange defeated the King's troops. St. Giles's church was badly damaged by the Roundheads, and the

THE RUINS OF READING ABBEY

fine old Benedictine Abbey, founded in 1121 by Henry I, was almost destroyed. After the destruction wrought by Cromwell, the people of Reading seem to have regarded the ruined abbey as a quarry, and to have carried away the stone, and other materials of which it was composed, and used them for building operations elsewhere, so that to-day all that remains of this once magnificent structure are some broken arches, and flint and rubble walls of great thickness. A portion of the walls, eight feet thick, were used more than a century ago in building a bridge between Henley and Wargrave. The abbey ruins are approached from Forbury Gardens.

St. Lawrence Church

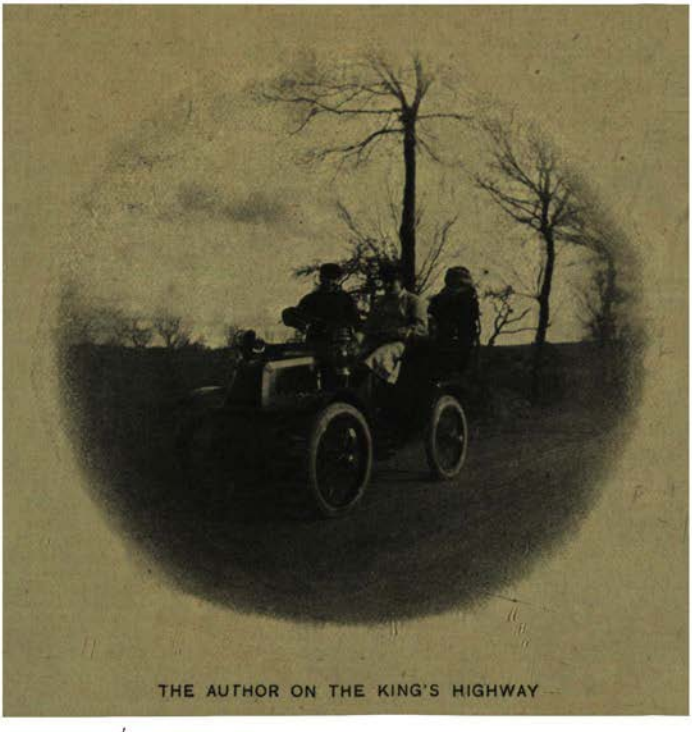
St. Lawrence Church is at the corner of Friar Street, near the market place. It is built of flint and stone common to the architecture of this part of England, and has a square tower in the Perpendicular style. The church contains brasses to the memory of Edward Butler and his wife (1585), John Kent and his wife, and W. Barton (1538). A curious painted monument of John Blagrave, in a cloak and ruff, with a quadrant and globe in his hands, will be found in the south aisle. The

monument is supported by two skulls and a plump gilt cherub ornamenting each side of the tablet. The inscription reads: "Johannes Blagravus totus mathematicus cum matre sepultus." A stained glass window in three compartments, in the south side of the chancel, should not be missed. It is inscribed: "Memorial to Charles Lamb: Henry and Rachel, children of T. N. Talfourd; erected 1848." (Thomas Noon Talfourd was a native of Reading, which town he represented in Parliament. He was a successful lawyer and brilliant essayist, and intimately acquainted with all the literary men of his period. Dickens dedicated his "Pickwick" to Talfourd.) A strange figure in marble kneeling at a *prie-dieu* commemorates the death, in 1636, of Martha, wife of Charles Hamley, and is especially valuable, as indicating the costume of the period.

Church of St. Mary

The Church of St. Mary, in Minster Street, is chiefly noticeable for its curiously chequered tower (1551), surmounted by pinnacles added by John Kendrick in 1624. This church, which was originally built with portions of the abbey ruins, received some judicious restoration a few years ago. The oak roof is very fine

and the church is rich in objects of interest. Foremost among these may be indicated a black and gold monument to William Ken-



THE AUTHOR ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY

drick, and his wife (1635), strangely ornamented by an extraordinary profusion of skulls. Whether the deceased were responsible for this motley collection of human headpieces, the inscription saith not.

Parish Registers

In the parish of St. Giles, Reading, the registers date back to 1564, and the church-wardens' accounts to 1518. They have in part been printed, and contain much that is interesting to the student of English manners and customs as they were three and four centuries ago. A few items, selected from the registers of various Reading parishes, will sufficiently denote the social condition of the time to justify Russell's final remark.

1615, March 14. Mr. Richard Turner, an aunciente magistrate, and a good man to the poore, was buried.

1618, ——— Mr. Bernard Harrison, an honest man and a good magistrate, was buried.

1630, Jan. 10. Kathren Roose apprehended for a wich.

1630, Jan. 13. Joane Patey, the same.

1630, Jan. 13. Ann Clinch, the same.

1631, Aug. 11. Symon Wilkes, gent'man, executed uppon p'sompson of murder, but he denied it to death.

1633, July 24. 7 prisoners executed.

1636, Feby. 25. 5 prisoners executed.

1638, Jany. 11. Sir Edward Clarke, Knight, Steward of Reading, his bowells interred in St. Marie's, his body carried to Dorchester in Oxfordshire.

1642, Nov. 10. A parliament soldier executed.

1642, Nov. 10. Three of the King's soldiers executed.

1655, Dec. 15. Cathrine Eldridge, a servant, and Mary Wellbank, a child, drowned together at the second bridge from the Beare, for want of a rail to the bridge in frosty weather.

"I think," said Russell slowly and thoughtfully, "I think I'll congratulate myself on successfully contriving to be born so recently as the last half of the nineteenth century."

CHAPTER X

WHERE GENIUS WROUGHT ITS STORY

Three Mile Cross — A Father — A Mother — A Daughter.

Three Mile Cross

At Three Mile Cross, a small village on the turnpike road between Reading and Basingstoke, in a mean cottage of the sort usually inhabited by English farm labourers, for more than thirty years (1820–51) Mary Russell Mitford lived and worked. The largest room in this humble dwelling was not more than eight feet square; yet here were produced those masterpieces of character delineation which for nearly a century have instructed and delighted all who read the English language, and still deservedly rank among woman's highest achievements in literature.

A Father

Mary Russell Mitford was born in 1787 at Alresford, in Hampshire, the only child of George Mitford, who was descended from an ancient Northumberlandshire family, a graduate of Edinburgh

University. As a physician Robert Southey described George Mitford as "worse than a farce"; yet he had a superficial kind of cleverness, but was without principle, incautiously speculative, and conceited of his skill as a player of whist, a game which assisted him to lose large sums of money belonging to his wife and daughter. In a few years Mitford contrived to squander the whole of his wife's fortune, amounting to about £50,000 as well as £20,000 belonging to his daughter, which she won in a State lottery by choosing the number 2224 because its digits added together made up the sum of her age — ten.

A Mother

The mother of Mary Russell Mitford was the only surviving child of the Rev. Dr. Richard Russell, a wealthy clergyman who held the rich livings of Overton and Ash, in Hampshire, for more than sixty years, and who was moreover a scion of the great ducal family of Bedford. Mrs. Mitford was ten years older than Mr. Mitford, of an amiable disposition, and chiefly remarkakle for her blindness to the folly and selfishness of her husband, whom she permitted to waste her fortune without protest.

A Daughter

Mary Russell Mitford resembled her mother chiefly in failing to perceive faults in her father which were glaringly apparent to everybody but his wife and daughter. By March, 1820, the last shilling of Miss Mitford's grand prize of £20,000 had followed her mother's fortune, and the family was reduced to extreme poverty. It was then that they migrated to the mean cottage at Three Mile Cross, where every expense had to be met by the literary earnings of Miss Mitford. The gifted authoress performed all the domestic work of the cottage, waited on her parents (and in the case of her father this was no light service), denied herself all luxuries and many necessaries, and robbed herself of her proper sleep in order to write tales and plays that the pot might be kept boiling. How such good work was produced under such depressing circumstances is one of the marvels of literature. Mrs. Mitford died in 1830, but Mr. Mitford lived on for another twelve years, his selfishness towards the close of his life becoming so extreme that he would engage his daughter playing whist until he fell asleep over the game, at times when he knew she had literary engagements to fulfil upon which both his

and her very existence depended. In recognition of her literary genius Miss Mitford had been granted, in 1837, a Civil List pension of £100 a year, yet just after her father's death (in 1842) we find her writing: "I have not bought a bonnet, a cloak, a gown, hardly a pair of gloves, for four years." The one thing more wonderful than the extravagance and selfishness of this old man was the utter failure of his daughter to perceive these qualities in him. She who could read so accurately the various characters which made up the village community of Three Mile Cross was hopelessly blind to the principal points in the character of her own father.

During her thirty and more years' residence at Three Mile Cross, Miss Mitford produced much endurable literary work. What is perhaps her best performance, "Our Village," began to appear one year earlier, in 1819, in an obscure periodical, the *Lady's Magazine*, whose circulation it at once increased from two hundred and fifty to two thousand. It is a perfectly charming work and achieved unbounded popularity, being probably more widely read in the United States than in England. It led to Miss Mitford's introduction to many prominent Americans, among them

Bayard Taylor and Miss Charlotte Cushman, both of whom visited her at the cottage at Three Mile Cross. From 1836 till the time of her death, Miss Mitford was the intimate friend and correspondent of Miss Elizabeth Barrett, afterwards wife of Robert Browning, the poet, as well as of all the most prominent people in literature and art.

Though the Mitford cottage at Three Mile Cross no longer exists as the great authoress knew it (indeed the reason of her leaving it in 1851 was because it was so wretchedly decayed), persons cruising down the Thames will find the slight detour necessary to visit the village is time well spent. Miss Mitford died at Swallowfield, an adjacent village, in 1855, and is buried in the churchyard there.

CHAPTER XI

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SONNING

The Village of Sonning — An Ancient Bridge — The Artist Turner — Sonning Church and its Curious Brasses — Katherine, Lady Lidcott — A Brass of Laurentius Ffyton 1434 — Thames Parade and Holme Park — The Bishops of Salisbury — Sydney Smith and his "Peter Plymley Letters."

The character of the Thames just below Reading is somewhat tame, presenting but few features which impress the stranger or call for special remark. But this depressing stretch is not a long one, and we soon come to some reaches of great beauty. Indeed, certain artists, the great Turner among them, have gone so far as to assert that they surpass all others. Without quite assenting to that, it is certain that when we have passed the line of sombre willows which skirt the further side, and the view of Holme Park woods, some of whose trees touch and overshadow the towing path, opens out before us, we are again in a region of delight. In favourable conditions of light and shade, the overhanging

trees are mirrored in the stream below and produce a very charming effect, fit prelude to the delightful village of Sonning towards which we now approach — "an upland town set on faire and commodious ground, beneath which Tamise runneth in the pleasant valley," as old Leland long ago quaintly remarked.

The river now widens to more than four hundred yards and is dotted with islets, nine in all, so that there are several streams awaiting the choice of the voyager. One channel on the left is outlined by pollards and fruit trees. On the Oxfordshire side of the river, at the foot of the county bridge, is the "French Horn," an entirely modern and fashionable inn, but surpassed in picturesqueness by the much older "White Hart" on the opposite bank. The county bridge is a brick structure of unknown date, but certainly of great antiquity. The view which it commands well repaid us for disembarking. Up stream the river, narrowed by osier and pollard-covered islets, resembles nothing so much as a small Swiss lake, but with richer colouring, the foreground abounding in trees of bright, light green, the middle distance a grassy meadow of deeper tint, and a background made up of close groups of magnificent

chestnut trees. The aspect down stream is of quite a different character. The river winds sinuously between low banks through an open plain, the wooded heights above Henley just perceptible in the distance.

Sonning

There is probably no more delightful riverside village in the world than Sonning, nor one that has been so frequently depicted upon canvas by artists. Apart from its picturesque beauty, the place abounds in interest. Seen only from the river, we miss by far the greater part of its charm, but a short walk inland brings us to this old-world nest of houses, sheltering about five hundred people. It is a village of a single street, and in summer its gardens (for almost every house and cottage has its garden) is ablaze with roses, honeysuckle, and jessamine, which flourish greatly here. Towering high above its surrounding elm trees stands Sonning Church, a gray, square, embattled structure which adds greatly to the charm of the scene. Not only does the church present many architectural features of interest, but it is literally filled with old monuments and brasses, some of them very curious. An elaborately designed porch on the north side bears an

SONNING BRIDGE

effigy of St. Andrew. The north chancel aisle is enriched with carvings of remarkable beauty. In the south aisle our attention was attracted by a peculiar painted marble monument to Katherine, Lady Lidcott, kneeling at a *prie-dieu*. It is dated 1630. There are many brasses of full-length figures in the church, but the brass to which our party was most attracted represents a certain Laurentius Ffyton clad in armour, with a coat of arms at each corner. Its condition is perfect, though it was placed where we saw it so long ago as the year 1434! Leaving the church we betook ourselves to Thames Parade, a delightful walk just above and below the lock, skirting the woods of Holme Park, commanding many fine views, whence the village may be seen as a complete picture to great advantage. Small wonder that England's artists cluster in and around Sonning. It is a spot to inspire the artist's brush, the poet's pen. Nor are its beauties of recent discovery. Way back in the centuries the bishops of Salisbury had a palace here which was standing in Leland's time, who describes it as "a faire old house of stone, even by the Tamise ripe, longying to the Bishop of Saresbyri; and thereby a faire

parke." It was to Sonning that Sydney Smith came for quietude; and there, in a modest little cottage, he wrote his "Peter Plymley Letters." It is difficult to conceive of a place where the jaded man of business could more completely forget the existence of stock exchanges and markets, and find immunity from peculating promoters, inconsequential board meetings, and the din of politics, than pleasant Sonning, which we left with regret, and re-entering the canoe, turned our faces toward Shiplake and Henley.

CHAPTER XII

SHIPLAKE TO HENLEY BRIDGE

The River Loddon — Pope's Fable of Lodona — Tennyson Married in Shiplake Church — Phillimore Island — Wargrave — The "George and Dragon" and its Signboard by Royal Academicians — Ruscombe, the Grave of William Penn — Henley Bridge — The Honourable Mrs. Damer — The "Red Lion" — Dr. Johnson — Shenstone, the Poet — English Hospitality.

After passing a long line of islets the village of Shiplake, perched on a chalk hill overhanging the river just above the lock, comes into view. Near by the river Loddon enters the Thames — a slow-moving little tributary which has its origin in the downs of North Hampshire, passing Swallowfield, the last home of Miss Mitford, feeding the lake in Mr. A. F. Walter's[1] park at Bearwood, and so on to the Thames below Shiplake Lock. Though only twenty-four miles long, and not otherwise calling for much attention, the Loddon has been rendered classic by Pope, who has made it the scene of his fable of

[1] Proprietor of the London *Times*.

THE QUIET PATH AT SHIPLAKE

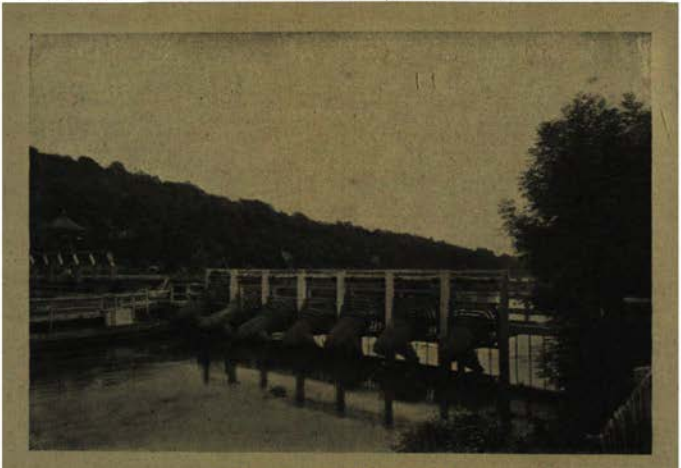
Lodona. Pope's assertion that its banks are "with verdant alders crowned" remains true to this day. In the ivy-clad church of Shiplake, nestling among farms and orchards, the poet Tennyson was married. Its stained glass windows are very ancient, having been orignally brought from the Abbey of St. Bertin, at St. Omer, in France.

Its many backwaters and by-streams have made Shiplake a favourite resort of anglers, while its nearness to Henley accounts for the numerous house-boats which may always be seen moored there. An island belonging to the Corporation of London, and preserved for the public benefit, is much used by campers-out in summer, for which it is admirably adapted. Passing Shiplake Pool and Phillimore Island we come to a bend in the river, and alight at Wargrave to refresh at the "George and Dragon Inn," attracted thereto by its famous signboard.

The "George and Dragon"

This singular signboard was painted by two celebrated Royal Academicians, Messrs. Hodgson and Leslie, who often stayed here when enjoying their favourite pastime of angling. One side of the sign represents St. George and the Dragon engaged in mortal combat, the work of Mr.

Leslie. On the other side, Mr. Hodgson has portrayed the Saint, flushed with victory, drinking from a huge tankard filled with foaming ale. The signboard is a facetious one, and visitors should not make the mis-



MARSH LOCK EEL POTS

take of regarding it as a serious example of the work of these two eminent artists.

Wargrave, William Penn

Wargrave, though often called a town, is really not much more than a tolerably sized village. Its inhabitants do not quite number two thousand. At Ruscombe, a very small and secluded village, about midway between Shiplake and Wargrave, lies buried William

Penn, founder of Pennsylvania. At least, that is what the good folks of Ruscombe declare; but history says that Penn's remains were interred in 1718 in the burial ground of the Society of Friends near Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire. Who shall decide? We think history is right on this occasion, but would not dare to utter such belief at Ruscombe. Were there not once two rival showmen at a fair, each of whom claimed to exhibit Shakespeare's skull? And was not the problem solved by deciding that one showman possessed Shakespeare's skull taken from the poet when he was a boy, the other showman possessing the poet's mature skull? Patriotic Americans will lose nothing by visiting both places.

The handsome stone bridge connecting the counties of Oxfordshire and Berkshire, and the tall embattled tower of St. Mary's Church, greeted our vision as we slowly drew towards that Mecca of boatmen and anglers, Henley; a pleasant enough small town, situated in a valley surrounded by thickly-wooded hills. Its inhabitants number a trifle over four thousand. Two long narrow islands in the middle of the stream afford shelter for a large fleet of boats. Just before the bridge is reached the river

HOUSE-BOATS, HENLEY

narrows somewhat. This bridge, which was built in 1786 at a cost of half a million dollars, at once attracts attention, and well repays the detailed examination which most visitors accord it. Its sculptural ornamentation is the work of the Honourable Mrs. Damer, a cousin of Horace Walpole. Mrs. Damer, a woman of great personal beauty, was a gifted sculptress. She lived for many years at Park Place, on the summit of the hill on the Berkshire shore, the residence of her father, Marshal Conway, where she was born. The bridge has five arches, the keystones of the centre arch being, respectively, representations of Thames and Isis. They are very finely done and deserve all the good things which have been said of them. St. Mary's Church, a sixteenth century structure, said on doubtful evidence to have been erected by Cardinal Wolsey, has been too much enlarged and restored to retain any historical interest, but it is a picturesque building, and a conspicuous and pleasing object in every view of Henley. The best known of Henley's inns, the "Red Lion," stands near the bridge. Surly, kind-hearted Dr. Johnson has been a guest there; and so, too, has Shenstone, the poet. It was on a window-pane of this inn

that Shenstone scratched the much-quoted doggerel verse:

> Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think that he has found
> His warmest welcome at an inn.

This is a libel on English hospitality; but those foreigners who have lived most in England have always observed that John Bull is his own severest critic, and will continually say things of himself which if uttered by others he would vigorously challenge.

English Hospitality

As to the truest English hospitality, it equals in all respects and excels in some, the rarest hospitality in the world. The hospitality which, as a boy, I enjoyed in my home in the Southern States of the Union, which later in life I felt with recurring pleasure in California, France, Germany, and Italy, all differed essentially in form and manifestation from that of England, but in genuineness none excelled it. Indeed the cultured English host recognises gentility long before the cold, glassy, money-gaze and estimate of the American permit him to observe its first sign!

CHAPTER XIII

AROUND HENLEY

Henley, its Regatta — The Course — Chief Races — Its Motley Crowd — Henley's Antiquity — Chiltern Hills to Hurley — Tring, Home of Lord Rothschild — Greenlands — Remenham — Cromwell's Siege — The Earl of Sunderland — Charles I — Medmenham Abbey — Its Notorious Monks — The Hell Fire Club — Francis Dashwood and John Wilkes — Danesfield — Beautiful Hurley — Lady Place — Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 1086 — John, Lord Lovelace — William, Prince of Orange — Harleyford House and Prince Napoleon.

Henley

Every year early in July the town of Henley undergoes a transformation; the Royal Regatta, by far the most important gathering of amateur oarsmen in England, attracting twice as many visitors as its hotels and lodging-houses will accommodate. The Regatta is an aristocratic function, quite ranking with Ascot and Goodwood race meetings, and attracts the *élite* of English society. Sometime before the eventful week the river becomes crowded with house-boats, steam launches, and every other sort of less pretentious craft. Many

of the house-boats are of an extremely luxurious character, and shelter large parties of ladies and gentlemen who affect the lightest and brightest of summer costumes, and discarding many irksome conventions,

HOUSE-BOAT "MIRANDA" (PROPERTY OF L. O. JOHNSON, ESQR.)

deliver themselves up wholly to the pursuit of pleasure. In favourable conditions of the weather (and old England occasionally has some gloriously fine days, never unbearably warm and generally tempered by a refreshing breeze), the river by Henley at Regatta time is as rich in diversified colour

as ever was Venice on a gala day. White canvas tents pitched in green meadows close to the stream, tenanted by light-hearted throngs on pleasure bent, add to the animation of the scene. King Edward and Queen Alexandra, when Prince and Princess of Wales, were frequent attendants at Henley Regatta.

Henley Regatta

The Regatta course is a little over a mile and a quarter, starting from Regatta island, below Remenham, proceeding up stream almost as far as the bridge, to a point opposite the "Red Lion." The course has several times been varied, though not greatly. The chief races composing the Regatta are the Grand Challenge Cup for eights and the Steward's Challenge Cup for fours, open to all amateurs. Other open races are the Thames Challenge Cup for eights, the Wyfold Challenge Cup for fours, the Silver Goblets for pairs, and the Diamond Challenge Sculls for scullers. This last is the oldest race of the Regatta, and may be regarded as its origin. Two other races, restricted to public school and college crews, are the Ladies' Challenge Plate for eights and the Visitors' Challenge Cup for fours.

THE HENLEY REGATTA

Always a favourite social function with American visitors to England, since Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt became Duchess of Marlborough, and took to organising house parties at Blenheim for daily visits to the Regatta, Henley has become a place which no American who has visited England can lightly confess not to have seen. There are not many such delinquents. Every year at Henley Regatta the number of house-boats which fly the Stars and Stripes increases, and of Americans who go to Henley, owners of house-boats are only a select few. To the student of English life, Henley Regatta is as necessary a spectacle as the University Boat Race at Hammersmith, or the Derby at Epsom. Essentially an aristocratic gathering, Henley Regatta attracts a motley crowd, the outward aspect of some of its constituents giving no clue to their real character and object.

Henley's First Ragatta

On the occasion of the first Henley Regatta, which was held in 1839, only two prizes were competed for. Now the number of trophies and prizes offered for competition makes quite a long list, and their distribution on the lawn of the "Red Lion Hotel," at the

close of the Regatta, is an interesting ceremony — especially to the winners.

Americans who can spare the time will do well to spend two or three days in Henley, either before or after the Regatta, that they may see the place in its normal aspect. At first sight Henley appears to be a quite modern town, centuries younger than several other places within easy distance; but archæologists assure us that it is the oldest settlement in all Oxfordshire, though so few evidences of its antiquity remain. *Hen* means old, and *ley* place, and the town is designated by this compound name in documents of very early date. The Chiltern Hills begin at Henley and extend in an irregular line away to Tring, in Hertfordshire, where Lord Rothschild has his palatial home. Greenlands, on the left bank of the river by Remenham, is the residence of the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., son of the millionaire newspaper distributor and member of Lord Beaconsfield's cabinet. The house, which was built in 1604, was fortified during the civil wars so effectually that it took Cromwell's soldiers six months in 1644 to reduce it. Several of the redoubtable Oliver's cannon balls have in recent years

been dug up around the house. The manor house was built by the Earl of Sunderland and is the same age as Greenlands. It was here that Charles I took refuge after his escape from Oxford. Remenham Wood, which is rather extensive, and of great beauty, is seen to most advantage in the autumn.

Medmenham Abbey

Four and a half miles from Henley Bridge, on the left bank, in Buckinghamshire, is the small village of Medmenham. Charles Dickens, elder son of the great novelist, who often stayed here and enjoyed peculiar facilities for acquiring a knowledge of the one strange fact inseparably connected with the place, has left a description of it such as no one else can give. "Medmenham," wrote Mr. Dickens, "is chiefly notorious from its connection with the Medmenham Monks of Francis Dashwood and John Wilkes. There seems to be no doubt that considerable 'high jinks' were indulged in by this fraternity, and that they were not altogether what is known as respectable society. But it is probable that exaggeration has had much to do with the records, or rather legends, of its proceedings, as is always the case where an affectation of

A REGATTA DAY AT HENLEY

mystery and secrecy is maintained. The monks of Medmenham, sometimes politely called the Hell Fire Club, lived at a time when drunkenness and profanity were considered to be amongst gentlemanly virtues, and probably, as a matter of fact, they were not very much worse than other people. The audacious motto of the club may, perhaps, have had something to do with the holy horror which it excited. *Fay ce que voudras* was not a good motto at a time when doing as you pleased was about the last thing that good old-fashioned Toryism was likely to tolerate; and when amongst the people who were to do as they liked was the hated Wilkes, the prejudices of respectability were certain to be even further outraged. *Fay ce que voudras*, or, as an American would playfully translate it, 'Do as you darn please,' as it appears over a doorway at the abbey, has in these times quite a hospitable look, and the invitation is readily accepted by the scores of picnic parties who resort to Medmenham in the summer, and whose innocent merrymaking is, at all events, an improvement on Wilkes and his monks, however much they may have been libelled. Medmenham Abbey, as it stands at present,

MEDMENHAM ABBEY

is a bogus affair, and there is little if anything of the ancient abbey to be found among the present tea-gardeny ruins, but it stands in so beautiful a position, and commands such lovely views, that its Cockney appearance will be readily forgiven. Once upon a time there was indeed a very important monastery here, founded by Hugh de Bolebec, to whom a charter was given by King John in 1201. The monastery was originally colonised from the Cistercian Abbey of Woburn in 1204, but the Woburn Monks did not seem able to make much of it, and very shortly after returned whence they had come. In 1212, a second colonisation was effected by Cistercian monks from Cisteaux in the bishopric of Chalons, in France. Their rules would certainly not have suited Wilkes and his friends. 'They neither wore skins, nor shirts, nor ever eat flesh, except in sickness; and abstained from fish, eggs, milk, and cheese; they lay upon straw beds in tunics and cowls; they rose at midnight to prayers; they spent the day in labour, reading, and prayer; and in all their exercises observed a continual silence.' This cheerful community held possession of the abbey for several hundred years. In the beginning of the

sixteenth century it was annexed to the abbey of Bristleham or Bisham, on the opposite side of the river, and so remained until the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII; and from the report of the commission at that time, the institution seems to have fallen upon very evil days. The clear value was returned at £20 6s. 2d. 'Monks,' continues the report, 'there are two; and both desyring to go to houses of religion; servants, none; bells, &c., &c., worth £2 6s. 8d.; the house wholly in ruin; the value of the moveable goods, £1 3s. 8d.; woods, none; debts, none.' Whether this last item is due to the care of the monks or to the caution of the local tradespeople may remain an open question. The most distinguished of the real monks of Medmenham was John, who was elected Abbot of Chertsey in 1261, and of whom there is an interesting memorial in the British Museum in the shape of his seal. At one time the Abbot of Medmenham was, *ex officio*, epistolar of the Order of the Garter, and it was his duty to read the epistle in the morning service on St. George's Day at Windsor."

The church has been considerably "restored," but still presents traces of its

Norman origin. There are more considerable portions early English, but the church must have been nearly rebuilt in the days of the Perpendicular style. It has chancel, nave, and square embattled tower, and a good old carved oak pulpit. There are not many ancient monuments in the church, but a brass remains in memory of Richard Levyng and Alicia his wife, with dates 1415 and 1419. The principal mansion in the neighbourhood is Danesfield, which owes its name to the time when the Danes, after seizing and fortifying Shoebury, marched along the river until they came to Boddington in Gloucestershire. The encampment called the Dane's Ditches and the Horseshoe Entrenchment, date, no doubt, from this campaign.

Hurley

After a pleasant paddle of nearly six miles from Henley Bridge through a country of delightful greenness, generally swept by breezes of refreshing coolness even in the hottest month of the year (supposed in England to be July, though there is not the least assurance of it, so variable is the climate), a point is reached on the right, or Berkshire shore, as beautiful as it is interesting. Reference is made to Hurley, a tiny village of not more than a couple of

hundred inhabitants, a never-failing delight to artists, superbly situated amid charming scenery, yet so placed that the stranger might pass up and down the river twenty times without becoming aware of its existence. But Russell, who had read his Ma-

THE IDEAL BALLAST

caulay, and retained a vivid recollection of what is as graphic a word-picture as English literature can show, was resolved to see the ruins of the celebrated Lady Place at Hurley, and the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, consecrated in 1086, exactly twenty years after the Norman invasion of England. We accordingly made fast the *Fuzzy-Wuzzy* and,

trespassing on some private grounds for want of knowing the proper paths, wended our way into the village of Hurley.

The Church of St. Mary the Virgin was built by Osmund the Good, Count of Seez, in Normandy, who afterwards became Earl of Dorset and Lord High Chancellor of England, and still later, adopting the ecclesiastical life, Bishop of Salisbury. For long it was used as the chapel of a Benedictine monastery. At the north side of the church the old refectory of the monastery stands unchanged, while the monastic quadrangle, near by, is little, if at all, altered. The crypt is a huge vault which has been devoted to many uses, none of which seem to have in any way changed its character. It was in this crypt that John, Lord Lovelace, secretly entertained those nobles who were associated with him in bringing about the dethronement of James II and establishing William, Prince of Orange, in his place. That was in 1688 — an affair of yesterday as things go at Hurley. There are several interesting plates in the walls of the quadrangle and of the church, chiefly referring to members of the Lovelace family, for centuries lords of the manor of Hurley.

"Ye Olde Bell"

Having sated ourselves with antiquity, we refreshed at "Ye Olde Bell"[1] before again seeking our craft. When we approached the water's edge, Harleyford House, on the opposite shore, the seat of Sir W. Clayton, was pointed out to us as a house where Prince Napoleon (afterwards Napoleon III) lived in 1846. But after Hurley we could take no interest in any building so vulgarly modern as 1715. We took our seats and paddled slowly down stream.

[1] The Old Bell at Hurley is to-day and to-morrow tolling the knell of its own passing. The contents of this Elizabethan Thames-side inn, which belongs to the Williams family, of Temple, are under the hammer. The hostelry, with its fine vestibule, Tudor Gothic oak arches, and timbers, is close to the historic Lady Place, where the plotting occured for the deposition of James II, and no doubt the Old Bell was at one period part of the monastic property of which there are so many well-preserved relics hereabout. The inn contains the old-style high-backed settles, and the walls were adorned with Cromwellian horseshoes, blunderbusses, flint-locks, and old arms of a kind used in national defence in the days long past. All these, with the Queen Anne tables, historic brasses, pewter platters, and jugs, and old paintings, are to be sold. — *Daily Telegraph* (London) Oct. 20, 1904.

CHAPTER XIV

HURLEY TO MARLOW

"Ye Olde Bell Inn" — Citizen William Waldorf Astor — Russell's Penitent Reflections — The Potentiality of the Mutton Chop — Whisky and Soda Justified — — The Secret of the National Temperament — Temple Mills to Bisham — Quarry Woods — Bisham — Knights Templar — Augustinian Monks — Henry VIII and Ann of Cleves — The Hobye Family — Queen Elizabeth and Bisham Abbey — The Earl of Salisbury — Richard Nevile, Kingmaker — General Owen Williams of Temple House — All Saints Church, its Historic Tombs.

The ale dispensed by mine host of "Ye Olde Bell" at Hurley is good — vastly more potent than the lager beer wherewith Americans slake their thirst at home. Russell had taken long draughts of it and the spring of his eloquence was unloosed. His mood favoured mental reflection rather than physical effort, so our canoe drifted idly. However, the natural conditions along our pleasant way were such that there was nothing to regret in this circumstance — a blue sky flecked with fleecy clouds of white; the gently flowing

stream below, meadows of refreshing green on either side, and a temperature in which the warmth of the sun was spiced with waves of that nippy chill so characteristic of perfect English summer weather.

"If," observed Russell, as he tucked the kodak behind his seat, "I had been born a great poet instead of an irresponsible wag, it would have been a question for me whether or not I would honour this stream by making my home upon one of its banks. I have heard many hard things said of Citizen William Waldorf Astor for deserting the Hudson for the Thames and am responsible for a few of them myself; but I never felt so charitably disposed towards him as at this moment. It is on the cards that when I see his mansion on yonder hill, I will unpack my condensed luggage and refuse to budge from his three acre porch. We shall reach Cliveden to-day."

"Not at this breathless rate."

"Then it must be to-morrow," retorted Russell. "This is neither the time nor the place for American strenuosity. Look around. There are no signs of labour anywhere — no factory smoke, no noisy mills. The air is still and the bees are droning lazily in the sun.

The very sheep are feeding upon what man has in no way assisted to produce — I mean grass."

"I think, in fact I know, it was noted before your time, and in other places, that sheep feed upon grass," the barrister observed.

The National Influence of Mutton

"It is quite possible, you tinder-minded mentor, but do you know that mutton raised in England and Scotland is the most succulent in the world? I have tried again and again to discover why American sheep are as tough as a Hooligan, and English sheep as tender and fibreless as the present English Cabinet, and I have found the reason. Do you know why? Of course you don't. That is precisely England's chief commercial disadvantage. She never anxiously inquires why and how she excels in anything, not even in such a woolly subject as mutton. Let me tell you why the bulk of American mutton is tough and fibrous and why your national meat is the best I have found anywhere. In America, which is not a great sheep country, sheep roam upon vast areas which the hot sun has baked hard and upon which the grass has become dry and yellow. When mutton or beef travels much on the hoof and feeds for

QUARRY WOODS HOUSE

five months out of six on dry grass, it qualifies for wool and leather, not for your teeth or mine. But when mutton, English mutton, can feed all the year on the lush grass of your ever-green downs and meads which dew and mist and salt sea winds freshen every night, the result is the most toothsome chop the world contains. I am surprised you do not add a mutton chop relief to your national coat of arms. Agitate the idea, my friend, and England will become the abiding place of another forty millions of people, for the migratory phenomena of the world have ever been in the direction of food and drink. As to drink, you need not worry; you do more of that per head than any other nation. But as to your sheep, you ought to plainly see that you can do more with them than with your prattling Parliament. Why, sir," said Russell, as the light scintillated from his shiny sun-burned nose, "I could live and die on your delicious mutton. In fact," and here his voice softened and his manner indicated sympathy, "I suspect there is more mutton than man in your body social and politic! The mutton blight, as I call it, is a serious and an insidious element in your national life. The State is founded on the individual. You will forgive

me for that school-day platitude. Now, whatever alters the character of the individual so universally as mutton alters him, is bound to affect the State for good or ill. Take my own case as 'the horrid example.' Seven years ago I lodged for the summer at the prettiest club on the Thames. The situation, the gardens, the old manor were all that any man and even pampered woman could desire. The club's secretary was an ex-army officer whose life had been spent with tinned meat and a red uniform in Borneo. His notion of catering for a large company of club members was cold mutton for breakfast, tepid mutton for lunch, hot mutton and cabbage and soggy potatoes for dinner. Everybody born on this island was perfectly satisfied with this intelligent appeal to their ancient, honourable, and inflexible taste. Only those complained who had been off the Island, visited other countries and knew that there were other pleasures of the table than those begot by the persistent mutton and cabbage regimen.

"The summer wore apace and as the autumn weather grew cooler an extraordinary fever, a kind of artificial internal warmth seemed to possess me. I had all the

symptoms of gastric fever. I went to my laboratory on Farringdon Road and made an X-Ray examination of my body and found that I was *wool lined from top to bottom!* Think of it: that mutton, so steadily administered, had done for me precisely what it has done and is doing for the English people. I felt dull and lazy, wanted to begin work at eleven and quit work at four in the afternoon, with two hours for dominoes after luncheon; refused to let business interfere with golf; my pulse became slower, I grew phlegmatic and good natured and felt as contented with retrogression as an enterprising, ambitious man would feel over progress. But this was not the worst of it. Occasionally, in a fit of absent-mindedness, I drank a glass of plain, cold water. You know what happens to flannel when soaked in water. Well, sir, the way my body shrank after every draught of water was enough to convince me that the English people are wiser than the foreigner suspects in sticking to whisky and soda. One by one, the sound reasons underlying the obstinate, seemingly senseless customs of your country are dawning upon me, and I beg of you to accept from my lips the apology of all the American people for having won-

dered at and criticised them. They had no notion of the influence the sheep has in the life and manners of the British nation, which, by the way, again shows upon what flimsy understanding the American founds his judgment of other people."

After a moment's hesitation in which I feared the two drifting boats would mix occupants and the river get us all, the barrister's stolid, self-control and the architect's tactful gurgle averted disaster. Russell had sown thistles in our way and as soon as his mutton theory had been digested by the barrister, the latter would seek revenge at the first inn which harboured both parties.

Bisham and Quarry Wood

Putting forth a little more effort, our boat shot past Temple Mills, continuing its course towards Great Marlow, for the most part along a fine straight stretch of river which serves for the Marlow Regatta course, the country on either side improving in character as we proceeded. The splendid Quarry Wood standing out boldly at the back of Bisham, on the Berkshire shore, so captivated the imagination of our party that we resolved to explore Bisham, and leave Great Marlow, less

than a mile beyond, till evening, or, if necessary, the next day.

The village of Bisham lies a little from the river shore, the Quarry Wood serving as its picturesque background. It is a small place, with less than eight hundred inhabitants, but of great antiquity. Its name was formerly written Bustlesham. In the reign of King Stephen it belonged to the Knights Templar, who erected a preceptory on the spot. The entire place afterwards came into the possession of William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who, in 1338, built an abbey for the monks of the Augustinian order. When Henry VIII suppressed the monasteries throughout England, that multi-queened monarch with the indifference to equity and the taste for the beautiful which characterised most of his acts, calmly appropriated the abbey as one of his own residences, and installed there the lady who happened at the moment to be his wife, Anne of Cleves. The son of this royal thief, not caring for the place, magnanimously bestowed it upon the Hobye family, who retained possession of it until 1780, when it passed into the hands of the Vansittarts, its present owners. Queen Elizabeth, when quite young, resided for a

while in Bisham Abbey, and was "in charge" of the Hobye family. It is recorded that the future queen was well treated by her custodians and enjoyed the sojourn by the Thames. Many persons of distinction lie buried within the abbey precincts, among them the Earl of Salisbury, who fought at Poictiers, and Richard Nevile, the kingmaker. All Saints Church is beautifully situated on the river's bank, and is of uncertain, but certainly great, antiquity. It was restored in 1849; again in 1856; and added to in 1878, when the north aisle was built at the expense of General Owen Williams, of Temple House, near by, one of the more intimate of the present King of England's many friends. The church tower, which is of Norman origin, remains intact, and the interior of the church contains many tombs of much artistic beauty and historic interest, which alone would entitle the place to a visit. They are chiefly in the south aisle. The first and most elaborate of these tombs has been so well described by the younger Charles Dickens that it were presumption to attempt to depict it by other words than his. He says: "A noble countess kneels in the act of prayer, attired in ruff, stomacher, and a most extraordinary head-dress

surmounted by a coronet. Opposite to her, kneeling on a lower stool, is another female coroneted figure; and behind are five other kneeling figures, three female and two male; the whole group is under a canopy, supported by pillars, and the monument is set forth with elaborate carving and coloured coats-of-arms." Beyond this is a less gorgeous but much more artistic monument to the brothers Hobye. They lie upon an altar tomb, two knightly figures with peaked beards and in full armour. They both recline upon their left arms, and the one nearest the spectator has his legs crossed, crusader-wise. The date is 1566. On the tomb are several inscriptions. Of these may be quoted one which gives concisely the history of the Hobyes.

Two worthie knighties and Hobies both by name
Enclosed within this marble stone do rest
Philip the fyrst in Cæsar's court hathe fame
Such as tofore fewe legates like possest
A diepe discovrsing heed a noble breast
A covrties passing and a cvrteis knight
Zelovs to God whose gospel he profest
When gretest stormes can dym the sacred light
A happie man whom death hath nowe redeemd
From care to loye that can not be esteemd.

Thomas in Fraunce possest the Legate's place
And with svch wisdome grew to gvide the same,
As had increst great honovr to his race
Ye sodein fate had not envied his fame,
Firme in God's truth, gentle, a faithful frend
Wel lernd and langvaged natvre besyde
Gave comely shape which made rvful his end
Sins in his flovre in Paris towne he died
Leaving with child behind his woful wief,
In forein land oppress with heapes of grief.
From part of which when she discharged was
By fall of teares that faithful wieves do sheed
The corps with honovr brovght she to this place
Performing here all dve vnto the dead.
That doon this noble tombe shê cavsed to make
And both thes brethern closed within the same
A memory left here for vertve's sake
In spite of death to honovr them with fame
Thus live they dead, and we lerne wel there by
That ye and we and all the world must dye. —

T. B.

Beyond the brothers Hobye is the tomb of Margaret, wife of Sir Edward Hobye, who died in 1605, oddly surmounted by an obelisk with a swan at each of the base angles. The stained glass window, with coats of arms of the Hobye family, in the east of the south aisle, is very curious. In the nave is a fine brass with three full-length figures to the memory of "John Brinckhorst, some time sitizen and mercer of London, and marchavnt

adventvrar" and his two wives. Only one date is given, that of the death of one of the ladies in 1581. A smaller brass has a single figure, and is dated 1517; and one with inscription only, dated 1525, records the decease of one Gray "and Wylmott hys wyffe."

CHAPTER XV

GREAT MARLOW TO WINTER HILL

Great Marlow — The Poet Shelley, "The Revolt of Islam" — "Rosalind and Helen" — Quarry Wood — Izaak Walton — "The Compleat Angler" — William the Conqueror — Queen Matilda — Shelley's House — An Hospitable Inn — Senator Bill — On the Tide towards Winter Hill.

Propelled by long and steady strokes, in which Russell actually participated, our little craft forged ahead toward Marlow Bridge. After Russell's outburst upon sheep a great silence fell upon our party, even as a calm follows a storm. The day was waning through a mysterious evening light, an ever-varying sunset on our right bathing Quarry Wood in a glow of blue and gold. The shore rats were timorously venturing from their dens and going forth on foraging expeditions; the lark hung idly in the air; vespers were intoned from many churches along the way and a sense of tranquillity and prayer pervaded everything on either bank.

The Poet Shelley

We were approaching Great Marlow, where Shelley lived in 1817. In that year the poet wrote the "Revolt of Islam," and part of "Rosalind and Helen." and was visited by Lord Byron. The "Revolt of Islam" was composed partly in his boat and partly as he wandered in Quarry Wood. This fine brigade of old trees, with its floors of moss and its clinging parasites in green and buff and yellow, will be loved by the wanderer for itself even more than for the inspiration it imparted to the poet whose song is appreciated nowhere more than in America.

We had always held the opinion that iron suspension bridges must of necessity be ugly; that art was powerless to impart any degree of beauty to such unpromising material so prosaically utilised; but as the river, abruptly bending a little before Great Marlow is reached, disclosed Marlow Bridge to our view, we revised that opinion. Certainly the bridge is a beautiful structure. It was built in 1836 at a cost of £20,000 and connects with one span the counties of Berkshire and Buckinghamshire. It is the last of a long series of bridges which have crossed the river at this spot from time immemorial.

GREAT MARLOW

Much of its favourable effect upon the observer is undoubtedly due to the romantic beauty of its situation. An observer of more than ordinary acumen considered that the view from Marlow Bridge, both up and down the river, was the best in the whole course of the Thames. Without going to that length, it is perhaps not too much to say that it is unsurpassed. The numerous camping parties, which in the summer and fall may always be observed disporting themselves in Quarry Wood, as though they were denizens of the Golden World instead of English men and women but thirty-five miles removed from the fret and roar of their gigantic capital; the artists, native and foreign, professional and amateur, dotted about at each point of vantage, diligently sketching; the fleets of boats, which always seem to loiter hereabout, as though loth to depart; and the many disciples of Izaak Walton, who ply their rods in a stream abounding in trout, barbel, chub, gudgeon, perch, roach, pike, and other fish, together make up a scene delightful for its variety, greenness, and sense of healthful life and motion.

It is a perfect sylvan scene, typical of

all that is best and most beautiful of pastoral and bucolic England, utterly different in colouring, and effects of light and shade and park-like finish, from anything the American continent can show. Nevertheless, amid all its strangeness, a certain note of familiarity strikes the American observer which may be accounted for by the innumerable pictorial representations of the place and its neighbourhood met with in picture galleries and books.

Great Marlow

It was on a beautiful starlit night in early August that I was first impressed with the peculiar charm of the "Compleat Angler" hard by Great Marlow Bridge. I have visited this inn many times since and have proudly shown it to many of my countrymen and women while doing the river in a launch or touring through the valley in a motor car, but that first visit with Russell after a long day in the sun upon the stream which flows within four yards of its trellised windows, has always been the picture of Great Marlow and the "Compleat Angler" which most agreeably lives in my pleasant memories of the river Thames.

But for the stars, the night of our arrival

was very dark, accentuating the orange lights of the inn, and a torch which, flaring on the lawn over the boat landing, cast ghoulish shadows upon the seething weir. We had lifted our tiny craft out of the stream and placed it, keel upwards, upon the green old lawn, a sward firm and smooth from two centuries of the puttering care which only an English gardener can so patiently and persistently bestow. Beech, chestnut, and fruit trees afforded shade in summer, and perfuming blossoms in the spring, while out on the point of the tiny peninsula upon which the inn overhangs the weir and its agitated pool, great drooping willows screen and soften the structural outlines of the famous little hostelry where Izaak Walton lived and fished, and wrote his quaint treatise on the piscatorial art and the philosophy of human content and simple pleasures.

"The Compleat Angler"

"The Compleat Angler" has, of course, undergone many alterations and some extensions since the olden time. Its present proprietor is an enterprising host, keenly alive to the pleasures which an inn on this picturesque spot should afford to the constantly increasing number of tourists whom Great Marlow attracts.

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER INN AT GREAT MARLOW

Interiorly the old house is very quaint. The centre entrance hall contains many rare specimens of large trout caught near the inn during the last forty years. An old hat tree of stags' hoofs and horns and many other trophies of the chase adorn the niches. The bar is a tiny tap room, quite in its original form and inconvenience, and the dining room beyond is unlike anything on the river, its glass sides and front affording a view, through willows, of the weir, pool, lock, and river channel. This is a spacious room with low ceiling, and practically overhangs the whirlpool and cascade whose liquid cadence is never stilled to those whose pleasure it is to dine there. The menu is intelligently chosen, the cuisine excellent the service courteous and precise.

We fell upon a late dinner like a pair of wolves and regretted that the barrister and architect were not there to assist at the inquest of as fine a fowl as ever Vitellius served to his epicures. From a distant grotto on the lawn unceasing bursts of laughter and merriment kept us wide awake. Russell was ill at ease, as he always was until he became participant in every disturbance going, and ventured forth to explore amongst the

numerous guests sitting in dark groups behind cigars and pipes upon the lawn. We prowled around like western coyotes until a man's clear loud laughter rang out above the lower voices all around.

"That!" said Russell, "sounds like the Brooklyn laugh of Senator Bill."

And so it proved to be. We had again met the launch party left at Oxford. This meant late hours and a convivial night. Rain finally sent us all scampering to quarters, comfortable quarters! with beds unlike English beds, for they were fat and crisp and without the varicose lumps and flabby linen so common in all bedchambers from Bow to Belgravia.

Early on the morrow we enjoyed a delicious swim in the pool, and a breakfast, the preparation of which Host Kilby must himself have superintended. The showers of the night had increased the natural freshness of the morning, and the open windows of the inn admitted the perfume of newly-mown hay, sweetest of Nature's scents.

The launch *Isis* was dipping and nodding idly at the float. Its jolly crew had not assembled, nor was there need to hasten from so lovely a spot.

Leaving for the moment the attractive hospitality of the "Compleat Angler," we bent our steps towards the town. Great Marlow is not a very attractive place, containing little of antiquarian interest. Its population is something over five thousand. From the earliest times the place has been associated with the rulers of the country. When William, Duke of Normandy (William the Conqueror), invaded England in 1066, Marlow belonged to the Earl of Mercia; but its situation finding favour in the eyes of the burly Norman, he straightway dispossessed the Earl of Mercia, and bestowed it upon his own wife, Queen Matilda, in the usual regal way, without payment, exchange, or any nonsense of that sort. It has since been the property of various titled families, and at present is held by numerous owners. The house which Shelley occupied is in no way remarkable; it is in West Street, and the fact that the poet lived there is baldly announced on a small tablet affixed to its front. The church is quite modern. It replaced an older structure which contained numerous monuments and brasses, some of which have been preserved. Two entries in the church books are of particular interest as indicating how little

SHELLEY'S HOUSE, GREAT MARLOW

enthusiasm Englishmen exhibited on behalf of the Commonwealth. The first is dated 1650, and runs thus: "For defacing the king's arms, 1s." Not until the next year, 1651, do we come upon this entry: "Paid to the printer for setting up the State's arms, 16s." The church of All Saints, at Wycombe, is of infinitely greater interest, dating from 1273 and containing many old memorials; but Wycombe is some little distance from Marlow and the river, and we were content to linger where so much that is charming is at hand, including a fine prospect of the Thames from Henley to Maidenhead.

During the day we cast off our moorings and drifted on the tide to Winter Hill.

CHAPTER XVI

CLIVEDEN, GEM OF ALL THAMESLAND

Bungalows and Boathouses — Winter Hill, its Fine View — Cookham — Hedsor, Lord Boston — Dropmore, Its Conifers — Formosa Island — Cliveden Woods — The Duke of Sutherland's "Fishery" — White Place, the Seat of the Dukes of Buckingham — Cliveden, Home of Hon. William Waldorf Astor, Its History — George Villiers — Frederick, Prince of Wales — "Son of an Ape, Father to an Ass" — The Poet James Thomson, "The Seasons" — Thomson's Masque "Alfred" Produced at Cliveden — Origin of "Rule, Britannia" — George II Anecdotes.

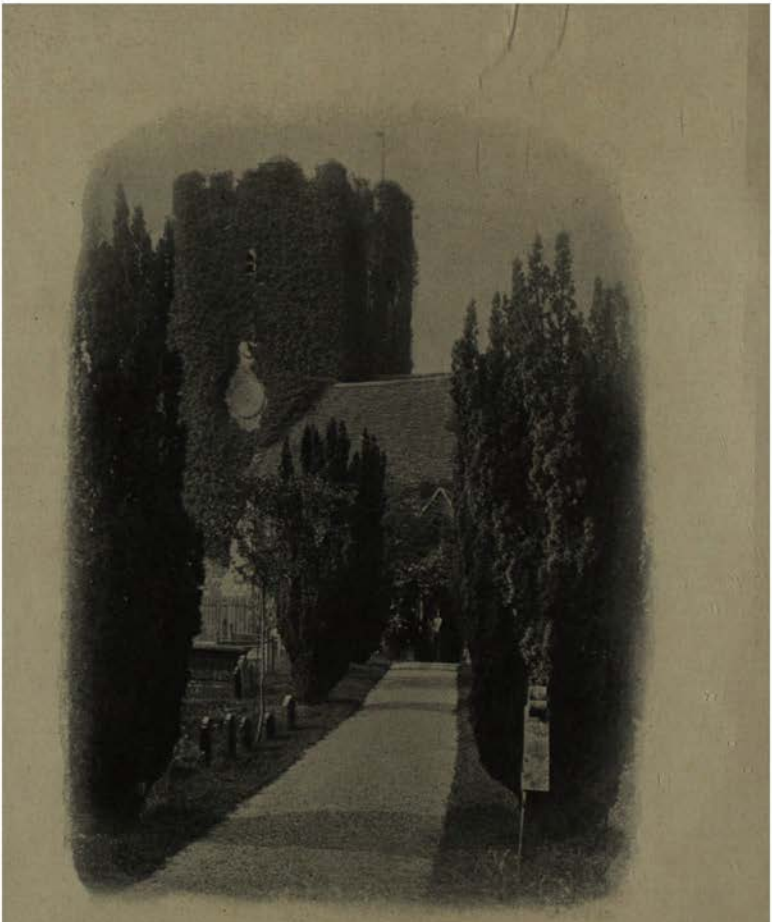
Winter Hill

What is perhaps the best view of Quarry Wood opened out boldly before us on the Berkshire side. Here wild Nature has been interfered with only so much as to denote the presence of man, a few roads cut here and there; a few modern houses of the richer sort, artistically designed; an occasional Indian bungalow, and some boathouses by the river's edge. At a point known as Winter's Hill, this most picturesque of woods comes to an end. We had been informed that this hill was, *par*

excellence, the place from which to view the river. The view from the summit of the hill is extremely fine, and probably includes more of the Thames than can be seen from any other point, ranging from Henley to Maidenhead. There are grander views in the world, in our own country, in Switzerland, in Italy, and elsewhere, but none to which we can compare this particular view of the Thames. It must be seen, and seen under favourable conditions of season and weather; and the experience cannot fail to become a lasting source of retrospective pleasure, assisting in the appreciation of the masterpieces of England's great poets and artists. English people generally regard this as the best part of the Thames, and resort to it in vast numbers.

Cookham

Cookham, on the right bank, in Berkshire County, is a village with somewhat fewer than a thousand inhabitants, the convenient headquarters for picnickers from London. It is plentifully dotted with the stately houses of titled and wealthy Englishmen. At Hedsor Wood is the seat of Lord Boston. Dropmore, celebrated for its conifers, supposed to be the finest in the world, lies at the back of Hedsor.



COOKHAM CHURCH

Just below Cookham Lock, on the right, is Formosa, a pretty island of fifty acres, opposite Hedsor and Cliveden Woods. On it stands the tasteful residence of Sir George Young amid delightful gardens. Near by the Duke of Sutherland has an attractive little house, known as the "Fishery." White Place, on the Berkshire side of the river, was formerly the seat of the dukes of Buckingham. But for the best of the good houses hereabout (and they are numerous), we must cross to the opposite bank, where, in an incomparably fine situation, stands Cliveden, the riverside home of the Hon. W. Waldorf Astor. It is in the Italian Palazzo style, surrounded by a park of three hundred acres. On the south side of the mansion is a fine terrace, supported by arches, commanding an uninterrupted view across and up and down the river. The gardens are very extensive, and maintained in the highest possible state of cultivation, quite regardless of expense. This palace, for such it is, was purchased by Mr. Astor from the late Duke of Westminster (grandfather of the present duke). It was variously stated at the time that the purchase price was £400,000 and £500,000 ($2,000,000 and

Cliveden, Home of W. W. Astor, Esq.

THE WEIR AT HEDSOR

$2,500,000). However that may be, it is certain that one of the choicest, if not indeed absolutely the finest, sites by the Thames, the royal river of Old England, has for some years been the property of an American.

Cliveden's History

Cliveden is not without its place in England's history. The present house is the third which has stood upon the same spot, a thing of yesterday, so to speak, having been built from a design by the late Sir Charles Barry, architect of the Houses of Parliament in London. The first Cliveden House was erected by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Charles II. From the Buckingham family its ownership passed to Frederick, Prince of Wales, an historical nonentity of whom it is not unreasonable to suppose Americans know nothing; a connecting link, whose place in England's history is about as important as that of Napoleon II in the history of France. This Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II and father of George III, died during the lifetime of his father, and so was never king. It would appear that England did not suffer much loss by that circumstance. One eighteenth century writer alludes to the Prince in these unflattering terms:

FORMOSA ISLAND AND "CLIVEDEN"

Alas, that such a thing should come to pass!
The son of an ape was father to an ass.
Himself no king, but passer-on of crowns,
His life was short, with many ups and downs.
Where'er he's gone, at beck of Nick or Jove,
'Twill scarcely equal Cliveden's grand alcove.

What this doggerel lacks in poetic beauty, it makes up for by the fierceness of its denunciation of England's second and third Georges. The last two lines were doubtless intended by their writer as the highest possible tribute to the beauty of Cliveden; but assuming the first of the two alternatives presented to the reader in the fifth line, the inference is very different. It is open to question, however, if this princely connecting link was not superior in intelligence to either of the kings to whom respectively he stood in the relation of son and father. He was a tolerable judge of pictures, and had some taste for literature and music. The best thing recorded of him is his patronage of Thomson, the poet. James Thomson, author of "The Seasons" and "Castle of Indolence," who was born at Kelso, in Scotland, in 1700, like many thousands of his countrymen before and since, at the age of twenty-five betook himself to London in search of fortune. Instead of finding the

CLIVEDEN HOUSE, HOME OF WM. WALDORF ASTOR, ESQ.

object of his quest he fell among thieves, who robbed him of his money and (what was of greater consequence) letters of introduction to influential people. Fortunately he did not lose the manuscript of "Winter" (the first portion of "The Seasons" that he wrote), and the copyright of that poem he sold to a London publisher for three guineas ($15.12)! After some painful struggles with poverty, brighter days dawned. Thomson became known to Frederick, Prince of Wales, who befriended him, successfully exerting his influence to obtain for the poet a government pension of £100 a year; no great income, but sufficient to assure him immunity from want, equalling in England at that period about twice its purchasing power in New York to-day. Thomson was a frequent guest of the Prince at Cliveden. Both prince and poet were enthusiastic admirers of the Thames and its scenery, and that fact may have assisted in cementing their friendship, Thomson himself having made his home by the river, in a pleasant cottage at Kew Foot Lane, close to Richmond, where he had for neighbour at Twickenham, Alexander Pope, England's most classic poet. It was at Cliveden, under the auspices of the Prince, that Thomson's

masque, "Alfred," was produced. Thomson had no dramatic ability, and his turgid tragedies are dead, the masque of "Alfred" among them. They are never acted and seldom read. His genius was pastoral and didactic, and found its greatest expression in his two fine poems, "The Seasons" and "Castle of Indolence." But one circumstance in connection with the masque of "Alfred" will make it ever memorable. It contains the well-known lyric, so heart-stirring to all patriotic Britons, entitled "Rule, Britannia." [1]

Dr. Arne was the composer responsible for the melody. Both words and music successfully appealed to the national imagination, and have held it captive from the day when it was first sung, in Cliveden House, until now. "Rule, Britannia" is the true national anthem of the British Empire; not, as some people suppose, "God Save the King" which is a second and lesser national anthem,

[1] Unless you wish to precipitate war between Great Britain and the United States, do not omit the comma from the title of John Bull's national anthem. Once upon a time a certain disciple of Gutenberg, whether by accident or malice aforethought history recordeth not, was guilty of that grievous error, whereupon some evil disposed cynic promptly inquired: "Who shall rule Britannia – America or France?" The fate of that printer and also the querist is enshrouded in mystery.

personal and subject to change, as on the occasion of the death of Queen Victoria. "Rule, Britannia" is immaculate and impeccable; it goes on for ever, like Tennyson's brook.

Frederick, Prince of Wales

For several years before his death, Frederick, Prince of Wales, lived in complete estrangement from his father; or rather it may be said that the King and Prince were openly hostile. It is not recorded of George II that he ever visited his son at Cliveden, though it may be reached by a pleasant drive from Windsor Castle, where the King spent most of his time. The Prince died in London, at Leicester House, which stood close by where Leicester Square now is. The King refrained from visiting the Prince even in his last illness, and was so extremely unnatural as to openly assert that his son's recovery would be a matter for regret; nevertheless, he had a message brought to him every two hours informing him of the Prince's condition. The news of his son's death was conveyed to the King by a page, who found His Majesty playing cards among a numerous company in the Countess of Yarmouth's apartments. The event caused the King neither surprise nor emotion. Quietly remarking (in German)

BOULTER'S LOCK, MAIDENHEAD

to the Countess of Yarmouth, "Freddy is dead," he left the room to make some necessary business arrangements.

The cause of the unnatural estrangement between George II and his son has never been satisfactorily determined. Some attribute it to the profligate life of the Prince; but the explanation is hardly satisfactory, for in that respect he was neither better nor worse than other princes of his period, not excepting his father. This, however, is but a poor certificate of morality. After the death of the Prince of Wales two merchants were overheard discussing the event in Leicester fields, now Leicester Square, London. Quoth the first: "He has left a great many small children." "Ay," agreed the other; "and the worst of it is, they belong to our parish." A preacher in Mayfair Chapel, London, in the course of a funeral sermon, thus summarised the Prince's character: "He had no great parts, but he had great virtues; indeed, they degenerated into vices. He was very generous, but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people; and then, his condescension was such that he kept very bad company." Where shall we look for such another strange mixture of condemnation and flattery?

CHAPTER XVII

CLIVEDEN TO TAPLOW

Cliveden House Destroyed by Fire — Rebuilt by Sir George Warrender — Again Destroyed in 1849 — The Dukes of Westminster — Mr. Astor's High Wall — Boulter's Lock — Maidenhead — Taplow — A Curious Petition.

Cliveden House has been twice destroyed by fire. On the first occasion, in 1751, the conflagration was caused by a careless maid-servant reading in bed by candlelight. That (and long after) was the age of bedhangings, when all but the poorest people in England surrounded their beds with as much white drapery as could be supported upon four rails connected by as many stout posts of mahogany or oak. There could be no better device for excluding fresh air, and propagating germs and bacteria of one sort and another; while in case of an outbreak of fire, the complete destruction of the house and its contents was practically assured. Such was the general practice until about the middle of the nineteenth century, when bedhangings were

abolished and wooden bedsteads gave place to metal ones. Examples of the old style may be seen figured in Crukshank's illustrations to Dickens' works, and here and there, in remote country districts of England, the thing itself is sometimes met with. The nocturnal studies of the maid-servant referred to occasioned the complete destruction of the first Cliveden House. Only a little furniture and a few pictures were saved. The second Cliveden House, built by Sir George Warrender, met with a like fate in 1849; but in that case the origin of the fire is unknown. Cliveden now became identified with the dukes of Westminster, who occasionally lived there up to the time when the late duke sold the property to Mr. Astor.

Mr. Astor's High Wall

In pre-Astor days, there was little or no difficulty in obtaining permission to view Cliveden House and grounds, visitors being generally admitted during the absence of the Duke of Westminster and his family. That is not so now; but the unthinking portion of the British public have only themselves to thank for the change. A reputation for vast wealth is not an unmixed blessing. Beggars and

SUNDAY AT BOULTER'S LOCK

bores abound, and a generous concession soon comes to be regarded as a right. A few years ago there was some trouble between Mr. Astor and the numerous parties of picnickers who used to make fast their boats and proceed to disport themselves in Cliveden woods. Such parties had no more right in Cliveden woods than they had in Cliveden House, and their intrusion has resulted in a riverside wall which in no way adds to the sylvan beauty of the demesne.

Boulter's Lock

On over the calm stream, meadows of vivid green on our right, woods of a darker hue on our left; on until Boulter's Lock is reached. In 1748 this was the last lock on the Thames!

Our immediate objective was Maidenhead, a market town on the Berkshire bank, numbering about seven thousand inhabitants. It is connected with Taplow, on the opposite bank (Buckinghamshire), by a stone bridge of thirteen arches. A little below is another bridge, over which runs the Great Western Railway, built of brick, consisting of only two arches (a vast span for brickwork), designed by Sir Isambard Brunel, and said to have peculiar acoustic properties. Maidenhead parish church is a

thing of yesterday, and will not repay inspection. It replaced an older structure, in respect of which a curious document exists, written in 1557, which finely illustrates the vicissitudes through which English orthography has passed. It is a petition by the inhabitants of Maidenhead to the Crown, praying that seven marks ($22.40) be annually granted towards the income of a vicar on the ground that their chapel is distant from the mother churches "two myles or nere thereaboutes, to which yr. sede subjects cannot at sundry tymes in the yere cum and make ther repaire to here the devyne seruice of Allmyghty God and to serue God there as of duty they are bounde to doe bycause manie tymes thereof letted through vysytacyon of sycknesse women labrynge and travelynge in childbedd and also bycause the seid toune of Maydenhedd is scituat in a loo contre and very nere adjoynynge to the ryver Thamys so that the seid contre is dyvers tymes in the yere so surrounded and overflowen wyth water that yr. Highnes seid subjects cannot passe goe nor travell to their seid churches by reson whereof the dutie of yr. seid subjects towards Allmyghtye God hath byn many

tymes agenst ther wyll left undon. Sithen ye dyssolocyon of ye Pryorye of Hurley the pore inh'itants of the toune of Maydenhedd haue not hadd ther devyne seruice celebrated in the seyd chapell as accustomably heretofore they haue hadd bycause they be not able to fynde and mayntayn a convenyent prest to say devyne seruice in the seid chapell to the greate decay and hyndraunce of Godd's seruice and to the discorragement of yr. faythfull subjects dwelling in the seid toune. Graunt therefore wee praye yr. Highnes an ordynarye pencyon and lyvynge to on honest and secular prest to celebrate dyvyne seruice in the seid chapell of Maydenhedd for the ease of ye pore inh'itants."

"That's what I call a sensibly written document," said Russell. "The slavish regard for uniformity of spelling which we were made to observe at school used to rile me. I suppose *you* think the King granted that petition simply to escape reading it again."

Time was when Carnegie Spell Works were really needed!

AT MAIDENHEAD

CHAPTER XVIII

BRAY TO CLEWER

Bray — Monkey Island — The Duke of Marlborough's Fishing Lodge — Down Place — Kit-Cat Club — Oakley Court — Clewer, the Parish Church — Queen Victoria's Flowers — Clewer's Charitable Institutions — Beautiful Houses around Clewer.

Bray

Russell was for landing at Bray, which is only about a mile from Maidenhead, but I was opposed to that idea, and strongly advocated pushing on to Windsor. The American launch party was on its way there and I instinctively felt that the old bones of Windsor would get a shaking when Senator Bill made his entry into the town.

"Bray," I said, "is a small village with a church in the early English Perpendicular style. It has a square flint tower, and was built so long ago as the reign of Edward I. Though somewhat restored, it is rich in old monuments and brasses with quaint inscriptions. Taking it altogether, I should say Bray has as fine an old church as any we

have seen since we left Oxford. But the village is chiefly remarkable because of its olden-time vicar, Simon Aleyn, whose many changes of faith are chronicled in the immortal song, 'The Vicar of Bray.' The hero of this song lived in an age when (in England) those who

"THE VICAR OF BRAY," BRAY

believed in the Pope were hanged and those who disbelieved in him were burned. Now this particular vicar entertained the greatest possible aversion to being either hanged or burned. His ambition was to remain Vicar of Bray; and so far as he was concerned anybody might be enrolled among the noble army of martyrs so long as he was

not. He therefore changed his profession of faith as frequently as the powers-that-were requested him to do so, and did not relax his grasp upon his benefice until Death claimed him at a ripe old age."

> This is the law I will maintain
> Until my dying day, sir,
> That whatsoever King may reign,
> Still I'll be Vicar of Bray, sir.

Our eyes were turned to the Berkshire shore. There nestled Bray, close down by the water's edge; but not nearly so well protected by woods as many another place we had passed. The country on either hand now becomes somewhat more open, and trees and houses are fewer; but a refreshing greenness is everywhere apparent. About half a mile below Bray Lock, Monkey Island is reached. The river here becomes more rapid. This little islet derives its name from a fishing lodge which the third Duke of Marlborough caused to be built upon it, ornamented by a series of very peculiar pictures representing monkeys engaged in various human occupations, supposed to be the work of a French artist named Clermont. The fishing lodge has

been converted into an inn. We landed and examined these pictures, but neither of us was greatly impressed by them. The inn, and indeed all the island, appeared to be given over to the angling fraternity. Nearly every man and woman seen there was carrying a rod or a tin can. Evidently fish must be very plentiful and easy to take just here; but there is not much in the island to attract anybody not interested in angling. Hastened by a growing appetite we soon returned to the *Fuzzy-Wuzzy* and prepared for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. A little below Monkey Island, on the Berkshire shore, is an elegant villa of the Queen Anne period, known as Down Place, for long the residence of Jacob Tonson, the well-known publisher of Pope's works, in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and the meeting place of the Kit-Cat Club. It is now the property of Colonel Harford. Oakley Court, just beyond Down Place, is a castellated building of imposing aspect; with an extensive river frontage. On both banks of the river hereabout are numerous fine residences, charmingly situated, but not visible from the river. Indeed it seems to be an object with proprietors

of some of the best riverside residences, so to train their surrounding foliage as to exclude a view of them *from* the river at the same time that they command a view *of* the river.

The Thames winds tortuously between Monkey Island and Windsor, the scenery distinctly improving as the royal borough is approached. We had eaten nothing but what we brought with us from the hotel in the morning, our only refreshment at Monkey Island being a short drink of light bitter ale, and it was now 4 P.M. It was therefore proposed that we should put up for the night at the village of Clewer, if accomodation could be found there. This plan would not only allow us ample time to explore that interesting little place but leave us fresh to take Windsor (from which it is distant only a mile) in hand the following morning.

Clewer

The parish church of Clewer, dedicated to St. Andrew, is very curious. It is in the early Norman style, but has been restored, and appears to be engrafted upon a yet older edifice, for portions of it undoubtedly belong to Saxon times. It has a decorated roof, almost all

the windows are of stained glass, while the altar piece and font are veritable works of art. The churchyard is maintained with an amount of care perhaps not to be matched at any other place in the country; probably because the late Queen Victoria, for some obscure reason, was accustomed to send cut flowers to be placed upon the graves there. There are several charitable institutions in connection with Clewer parish church, which in plan and methods of organisation have served as models in other places. Their origin and successful working are in large part due to the Rev. T. T. Carter. The House of Mercy shelters and maintains eighty female penitents, who are cared for by Sisters of Mercy and a warden. There are also an Orphanage; St. Andrew's Cottage (for ladies needing rest); a College for Ladies; and a Convalescent Hospital containing a hundred beds. The whole neighbourhood of Clewer is dotted with first-class mansions, each standing in more or less garden ground, inhabited for the most part by wealthy London merchants.

CHAPTER XIX

WINDSOR

Windsor Forest — Windsor, its Name — The View — The Town Hall — Windsor Churches — Frogmore — Windsor Park — Harrison Ainsworth's Novel — Herne's Oak — Charles Dickens' Ridicule — Russell — Shakespeare Repudiated — The Serenaders.

Early the following morning glorious Windsor burst full upon our delighted vision as we passed under the Great Western Railway Bridge; the royal borough, in Berkshire, on our right; Eton, in Buckinghamshire, on our left.

Windsor

Windsor is a small town of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, of an importance absurdly disproportionate to its size. It is literally packed with historical associations of absorbing interest; and dominating it all there stands, on the crest of a lofty hill, the largest and incomparably the finest castle in the world — a congeries of buildings some of which date back to the time of William the Conqueror, others being

WINDSOR CASTLE

the work of Henry I, and subsequent kings. In particular, George IV expended nearly £1,000,000 in additions and improvements, the whole being maintained to this day in a perfect state of repair. Windsor Castle is at once a mediæval fortress, royal pleasure house, and museum overflowing with art treasures of inestimable value, the like of which no other place in the world can show. Moreover, it commands superb views of the river and surrounding country, and stands in a beautiful park of great extent, in which is a noble avenue of trees, two miles and three quarters long, planted in 1680, and known as the Long Walk.

Its Name

The name of Windsor is supposed to be derived from Windlesora, the Saxon equivalent for winding shore, which very accurately denotes its configuration. The whole of the site upon which the town stands was given to the monastery at Westminster by Edward the Confessor; but later its beautiful situation exciting the cupidity of William the Conqueror, that monarch prevailed upon the monks to exchange if for other land in Essex, a very sinister deal, immensely advantageous to the King, resembling an exchange of ten

square miles of Texan desert for one square mile of Manhattan Island.

The View

The view of Windsor from the river is very picturesque, the town occupying the side of a hill, surmounted by the huge castle visible from every point. On first stepping ashore here, the traveller who is conversant with the "Merry Wives of Windsor" experiences somewhat of the feeling which comes over him when for the first time he sets foot in Stratford-upon-Avon. Who can walk through Peascod Street without conjuring up thoughts of Sir John Falstaff, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly? Surely only a native of the place, who strangely enough takes less interest in his inheritance than the stranger from beyond the seas. We were all anxious to view the Castle, and at once made inquiries as to how this might be done. Full facilities are afforded for visitors to do so. *During the absence of the court* anybody may view the state apartments of the Castle on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Admittance is by ticket, which may be obtained without charge at the Lord Chamberlain's office in the Castle yard. Fortunately, at the time of our visit King Edward was away yachting, but it was Saturday, so we

had three days before us in which to explore Windsor town and Windsor Park (generally called the Home Park); a very appropriate preliminary to a visit to the Castle, and in no way regrettable.

Windsor Town Hall

For so small a town Windsor has several good streets, the best shops being quite modern in equipment and method. The chief entrance to the Castle is in Castle Hill, close by High Street. In High Street is the town hall, concerning which a curious story is told. It is the work of Sir Christopher Wren, architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London. After the town hall was built, the Corporation of Windsor were not satisfied as to the strength of the floor, and desired Sir Christopher to support it by stone pillars. The architect protested that this was unnecessary; but the city fathers insisting upon it, Wren added the pillars as he was ordered to do, but so arranged them that the capitals do not touch the beams. As there has never been any accident with the floor which was supposed to be insufficiently supported, the result is a triumph for Wren's judgment. The town hall is worth a visit, if only for the numerous portraits which adorn its walls.

Churches

Windsor is well provided with churches. The parish church (St. John the Baptist) is in High Street. It contains a few interesting monuments and pictures, and some remarkably fine carving by that master of the art, Grinling Gibbons. At Holy Trinity, a modern church, there is a memorial to the Guards who fell in the Crimean War; their names, 2,129 in number, are inscribed in illuminated characters on the face of the gallery. Queen Victoria was specially interested in this church, which contains many beautiful memorials to Britain's military heroes, among them being three magnificent painted windows.

Though Windsor is a small town, it is quite sufficiently large to wear out the most industrious sightseer. Our party had been tramping since the early morning, and we were more or less exhausted, though we had not been through any but the principal streets; and in Windsor, as in most old-world towns, some of the oldest, quaintest, and most fantastically gabled houses are to be found in narrow lanes and by-streets. We accordingly repaired to the "White Hart," in High Street, where we were provided with an excellent luncheon. We did not linger

over it; and having satisfied our inner needs we hired from mine host a pair-horse carriage of good appearance, sufficiently large to accommodate six persons with comfort, at the very moderate charge of four shillings (ninety-six cents) an hour. It was a comfortable vehicle, and we lay back against the cushions with a sense of well-deserved ease. The horses were good ones, too good for hack work, and the driver a man of any age between thirty and fifty, with a good temper hidden under a gruff manner, and a nose just sufficiently roseate to denote that if he were a teetotaller at least he was not a fanatical one. This driver, whose name was Jarvis, was a singular character. Though almost illiterate, he knew his Windsor and his Eton as a mariner knows his compass. I inquired if he knew the way to Frogmore, and the question seemed to amuse him immensely. A bland smile overspread his fat face as he said: "Well, rather! Many's the 'arf-crown strangers 'ave tipped me for 'splaining 'bout Frogmore. You just leave it to me to tell you all you want to know 'bout the place."

We had some forebodings that Jarvis would prove better than his word, and afflict us with his garrulity. But our fears were groundless.

We had not far to go nor much to see. Frogmore lies to the left of the Long Walk, a very little way from the Castle. Its one great feature is the superb mausoleum in which repose the remains of Queen Victoria and her husband Albert, known as the Prince Consort. It is a magnificent structure erected by Queen Victoria at a cost of a million dollars. Strangers are not permitted to view the interior of the mausoleum, but on the occasion of an anniversary service held therein a few of the residents of Windsor are invited. This was about all that our driver and guide could tell us about Frogmore; but he compensated the paucity of his information by a wealth of digression, which we suffered for a space and then bade him drive through and around the Park at his own sweet will. A very fortunate instruction this proved.

Frogmore

What is commonly called Windsor Park consists really of two parks, the Home Park, north of the Castle, and the Great Park, at its south side, both constituting what in Pope's time, and for long after, was known as Windsor Forest.

Windsor Park

> Thy forest, Windsor, and thy green retreats,
> At once the monarch's and the muses' seat,

sang the most polished poet of the Queen Anne period, when he was little more than a boy. Alexander Pope spent much of his youth in the neighbourhood of Windsor Park, and his phrase, "green retreats," applied thereto, is a singularly happy one,

STOKE POGES, CENOTAPH OF THE POET GRAY

for that grand pleasaunce is hardly sufficiently wooded to be dignified by the name of forest, while it has more trees than one usually finds in the private parks owned by wealthy Englishmen with which John Bull's island is so plentifully dotted. Windsor Park is cut through by several broad roads, judiciously planned, rendering access to all parts of it

easy, without detracting at all from its beauty. In driving about the park, many fine views of the Castle are obtained, some of the best when least expected; for as that noble old pile stands upon the summit of a hill, and the level of the park is diversified by gently undulating slopes, it is alternately hidden and disclosed to view many times in the course of a drive, and affords fine scope for the brush of an artist.

The visitor to Windsor who is unacquainted with Harrison Ainsworth's novel, "Winsdor Castle," has something to regret. While truly a novel, and in no sense a history, that entertaining book is greatly helpful from the fact that no other man was so well versed in the legendary lore of the Castle, its inmates, and its neighbourhood, as Harrison Ainsworth. Visitors familiar with Ainsworth's book and the doings of the mythical (?) hunter, Herne, who inquire for Herne's oak, are regretfully informed that even the tree which was *said* to be associated with the name of that redoubtable Nimrod has long since disappeared. But ample compensation for that disappointment may be found in the beauty of the lake known as Virginia Water, and in the wealth of oak, beech, and

fir, abounding on every side of what is a charming sylvan scene.

Charles Dickens and the Queen

Windsor Park has been the scene of many an historical pageant during the course of the centuries, jousts, tourneys, kings returning with home-coming brides, stately funeral processions, and cavalcades with prisoners of war. It was here that Charles Dickens watched the arrival of Queen Victoria with her newly-wedded consort, the German Prince, Albert, accompanied by the prime minister, Lord Melbourne. That was in 1840. The youthful Queen (she was but twenty-one) was extremely popular, and the enthusiasm of her subjects was so intense, and found vent in such extravagant expressions of perfervid loyalty, that Dickens could not resist the temptation to ridicule it; which he did very effectually in a letter full of gentle irony addressed to his friend Thompson, father of the Lady Elizabeth Butler, who painted the well-known picture entitled the "Roll Call." The letter, which bears no date, was written in 1840 and runs thus:

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, *Thursday morning.*

MY DEAR THOMPSON, — Maclise and I are raving with love for the Queen, with a hopeless passion

whose extent no tongue can tell, nor mind of man conceive. On Tuesday we sallied down to Windsor, prowled about the Castle, saw the corridor and their private rooms, nay, the very bedchamber (which we know from having been there twice) lighted up with such a ruddy, homely, brilliant glow, bespeaking so much bliss and happiness, that I, your humble servant, lay down in the mud at the top of the Long Walk and refused all comfort, to the immeasurable astonishment of a few straggling passengers who had survived the drunkenness of the previous night. After perpetrating some other extravagances, we returned home at midnight in a postchaise, and now we wear marriage medals next our hearts and go about with our pockets full of portraits which we weep over in secret. Foster was with us at Windsor and (for the joke's sake) counterfeits a passion too, but he does not love her.

Don't mention this unhappy attachment. I am very wretched, and think of leaving my home. My wife makes me miserable, and when I hear the voices of my infant children I burst into tears. I fear it is too late to ask you to take this house, now that you have made such arrangements of comfort in Pall Mall; but if you will you shall have it very cheap — furniture at a low valuation — money not being so much an object as escaping from the family. For God's sake turn this matter over in your mind, and please to ask Captain Kincaide what he asks — his lowest terms in short, for ready money — for that post of Gentleman-at-Arms. I must be near her, and I see no better way than that for the present.

I have on hand three numbers of "Master

Humphreys' Clock" and the two first chapters of "Barnaby." Would you like to buy them? They are written in a pretty fair hand, and when I am in the Serpentine[1] may be considered curious. Name your own terms.

I know you don't like trouble, but I have ventured, notwithstanding, to make you an executor of my will. There won't be a great deal to do, as there is no money. There is a little bequest having reference to HER which you might like to execute. I have heard, on the Lord Chamberlain's authority, that she reads my books and is very fond of them. I think she will be sorry when I am gone. I should wish to be embalmed, and to be kept (if practicable) on the top of the Triumphal Arch at Buckingham Palace when she is in town, and on the north-east turret of the Round Tower when she is at Windsor.

From your distracted and blighted friend,

C. D.

Don't show this to Mr. Wakley,[2] if it ever comes to that.

Shakespeare Repudiated

We were delighted with the drive, not nearly so much with the driver. Russell, who had talked constantly but said nothing, confessed that the world contained but two things he desired, namely, some tea, and a view of the interior of the Castle. The second was impossible of accom-

[1] The ornamental lake in Hyde Park, London.

[2] A coroner and eminent medical man, founder of the *Lancet*.

plishment until Tuesday; the first could be had at the "White Hart." On our way to tea, that gossipy function which keeps England awake after four o'clock every day, and which if missed leaves it flabby, cross, and pugnacious, Russell related that the old, historic "Garter" inn once stood upon the site now partly occupied by the "White Hart," and that Shakespeare wrote the larger part of his "Merry Wives of Windsor" under its roof.

"Shakespeare's play?" I inquired with a glance of unmistakable disdain, "you seem to have become all mutton yourself to cling to that lazy belief. Shakespeare could hardly write his name legibly, held horses at the door of the Globe theatre, poached in Chilcote House Park, did all sorts of stunts commensurate only with the parts and powers of a roistering lout of the countryside and tavern, and yet you, an enlightened son of America, with the shades of the 'Great Cryptogram' and the spirit of the Sage of Nininger looking down upon you, are willing to sneak through the world harbouring such a preposterous belief. Shakespeare, I tell you, was merely the dummy hand in that great game of bridge played by Queen Elizabeth, Bacon, Leicester, Essex, Raleigh, and other courtiers

of that time of secret loves, policies, and intrigue."

The Serenaders

As Russell was about to hurl his invective at my flippant heresies, several itinerant Saturday evening bands, fearlessly enthusiastic, madly out of tune with each other, came trudging up the street from the direction of the wharf. A motley crowd of urchins in high glee straggled along beside and behind them; cabmen made way grinning, and pedestrians on the pavement looked on in scandalised amazement. An animated group, gaping wide-eyed at the entrance to the "White Hart," excited our curiosity and we hastened thither.

CHAPTER XX

AN AFFAIR WITHOUT PRECEDENT

American Characteristics — Roadside Minstrels — The King's Banqueting Hall — Custom and Convention Submerged by the Magic of Senator Bill — A Mutilated Rhapsody — Art in Rags — Gentility in Ruins.

Minstrels

Well within the entrance to the "White Hart" stood a gentleman with his broad back turned towards the curious crowd without. Around him we could distinguish a prettily gowned and chattering company of young ladies, and a number of gentlemen amiably but vigorously arguing something that seemed to demand immediate decision. Nothing, we thought, but royalty or eccentricity could have attracted such a crowd and *such* a frenzied lot of road harpsters. We concluded that the fuss was either in honour of the King's arrival or the chance visit of Miss Marie Corelli, who might have walked from Stratford-upon-Avon, where she lives with a large umbrella, and a stuffed club for Hall Caine and London critics. But neither of these distinguished personages had

caused the scene in the staid and decorous precincts of the "White Hart." It was only that the Brooklyn senator from New York had come to Windsor with his launch party, fallen in near the boat landing with several rival street bands, idly tipped one of them an American dollar and thereby incited all the other vagabond musicians to pursue him and his party to the hotel. There he had some difficulty in explaining to the manager that he had *not* commissioned the bands to herald his triumphal entry into Windsor in this loud and unseemly manner. But no one, not even an imperturbable, custom-made, provincial hotel manager, could look upon the senator's face, and hear his voice so indicative of unbounded generosity and good fellowship, without accepting his explanation and his —— gratuity. As we entered the hotel the senator stepped into the street, said something inaudible to the leaders of the serenading hosts, and dismissed them with a playful wave of his kindly hand. The strolling artists appeared to be satisfied, and their several troops shambled off in three directions. The senator returned to his guests smiling roguishly. The crowd dispersed, Windsor relapsed into its usual lethargy, and the

magical American yachtsman translated his party from embarrassment to a bounteous dinner, in the liberality of which the hotel manager found substantial compensation for his bruised theories of custom and convention.

Senator Bill

The feast was drawing to its gratifying conclusion, many jests had gone trippingly across the board, the company was radiant-pleasant to hear, good to look upon, in its river tan and colour. At its head sat the paternal genius who had been the perennial prompter of the merry party since it sailed from its native heath across the sea. They called him Senator Bill wherever in New York one man hath love for another, wherever true sportsmanship is at par, gentility and hospitality appreciated.

Bidding his guests remain, the senator left the room. In twenty minutes he returned, betraying signs of the weariness of a witness cross-examined by one of His Majesty's pragmatic purists upon the Bench. Resuming his chair with an air of mingled disgust and triumph, the senator related how he had planned a little surprise for us that evening, and that in relation thereto he had just had a prayer meeting with the manager. "I asked him," he said, "for a private parlour,

or a section of the garden, or a small dining room, or the chapel, or any other old place where we could have our coffee while the pick of the artists we met this afternoon played for us the music characteristic of this magnitudinous little country."

"There is no such music here," blurted Russell, who thought the Ave Maria might be played on a drum, "you are not in Hungary, senator. Here most of the street, vaudeville, and concert music has first been popularised in your own country and its author is anybody from Bach to Leno."

"Let us hear no more from *you*, Jack Russell. Go away back and sit down behind yourself, or keep still. As I was saying," continued the senator, his jovial manner reasserting itself, "I tried to impress upon the manager that I must have an apartment wherein to entertain my guests in my own peculiar way, whether that way was strict Windsorial orthodoxy or only according to the canons of a bully time in Brooklyn. Well, children, he was aghast, said the house was full, had no private parlour, no dining room, no hall, no chapel, in fact tried to intimate that the hotel had just been torn down and that I was a trespasser upon the ruins.

"Damme! I could see right through that fellow; somebody must have warned him that we were Americans, and he was afraid we would display the chief characteristic of our country — I mean *noise*. So lifting him along by the arm and telling him of the fishing I have on my preserve in the Gulf of Mexico, where we use a ninety-foot Oregon pine for a pole and bait with young whitewashed whales, I began exploring the premises. He had cleverly dodged all the vacant parlours and kept me clear of every available apartment, when we approached a pair of huge doors about twenty-six feet high. 'Hold on,' I said, 'what do you keep in here? Bacon or Gorgonzola cheese?' 'My deah sir,' he stammered, with great emotion and evident embarrassment, 'th', th', that sir, is the banqueting hall of His Majesty King Edward the VII!'

"'Well, open it up,' I said as gently as the toadies of the Royal Academy; 'maybe I can make it do — my boys and girls are very adaptable — as most Americans are!' I must have offended the gentleman, for in his politest manner he told me my suggestion was simply preposterous. 'See here,' I said, 'what is the price of this room for a private

dinner and how many will it seat comfortably, provided they don't wear coronets, balloon robes, and clanking swords to interfere with each other's table weapons?'"

"'Two hundred and fifty guests, sir,' he growled, 'and the price is twenty guineas for a private and thirty guineas for a public function, without attendance, sir.'"

"As I handed him two tens and a fiver, informed him I would take the 'private function,' and told him to buy soda water with the change, I thought he would drop dead on my hands. As he opened the door and ushered me into the large beautiful room, he said something about you gentlemen from America getting whatever you wanted — customs and conventions notwithstanding. Now all smile and come with me to our own private banquet hall for coffee and cigars and when the artists-in-waiting to the court of Senator Bill are taken in through the kitchen door, there'll be music — music everywhere, music in the atmosphere and music in the air. Come along."

The so-called King's Banqueting Hall in the "White Hart" is indeed a beautiful and commodious chamber. It is used by His Majesty for public dinners and other

ceremonials which for one reason or another are not held in the Castle. Its decorations are elegant and in the taste of the Court. The Senator's little company of a dozen was lost in it so far as units and bulk alone were concerned; in all other respects it filled the place completely. The maids who served the coffee and the men who served liqueurs and cigars could not understand the portentous extravaganza at all. When the seven sickly, spavined musicians appeared, wheeling in a battered street melodion and cautioning each other hissingly not to "step too 'ard on the velvit carpit," the burlesque, the ludicrous nature of the spectacle, its incongruity, were too much for mere words to describe. Russell crept behind the butler's screen and rolled upon the floor in a fit of suppressed laughter; other members of the party made wild, delirious attempts at *repartee* only as an excuse to roar out with delight; in fact nobody maintained a serious demeanour save the oddly attired, unfumigated little band of cuffless, loudly-cravatted musicians, composed of four men, a woman, and two girls, one about ten years of age and exceedingly pretty despite her shabby dress and boots.

Grand Opera Upside Down

Upon a slightly raised platform at the end of the large room, the musicians arranged themselves and their instruments with serious care. They had not the slightest knowledge as to who their patron was, except that he had treated them with a generosity unheard of in the annals of the English troubadour. Whoever this American magnate and his vivacious company might be, it was plain to these music-loving road players that they had come upon the great occasion of their lives. They had come with their choicest musical scores, Sunday bib and tucker, and with rubbed and polished instruments. Each appeared to be able to play every instrument in the band; two of the men and the two girls sang, and three played the violin without damage to anything.

In a Cockney dialect of superlative flavour, he who had been chosen *chef d'orchestre* rose and ceremoniously announced that the disturbance was about to begin. The cornettist pursed and puckered his lips and began to chew menacingly at his horn; the three violins awoke and sidled into the melody timorously; the melodion groaned and bleated as if suffering with the pip,

and the guitar and flute, a lap or two behind, fluttered staccato-wise into the more ponderous harmonics so far created by the caterwauling instruments which had the start. Manifestly these artists were in art much over their depth, and each appeared to be puddling through the music on his own account.

The senator groaned, but with a twinkle in his eye, said it *was* a little croupy. "It will go off better when the instruments get hot. Give them a chance, now, just give them a chance. They are flabberbusticated at this distinguished audience. Besides, I had to take them from three rival bands, which always results in unexpected variety. They'll be all right in the solo parts. Grip your chairs tight, and hold on until something happens. Here, waiter! bring this heavenly orchestra a bottle of light claret — they are out of petrol, their sparkling plugs won't fire and they lack combustion."

"Yezzir, we 'ave all but the petrol an'. Them's not served 'ere," said the waiter confusedly.

"Get along now, run and bring the wine!" the senator thundered at the witless waiter.

A Great Artist in Enforced Disguise

Meantime a duet had been sung and applauded. A violin solo played by the youngest girl revealed a really fine musical temperament. We were all interested. Two young men sang a comic song, followed by a buffoon who sang and danced to verses ending with the refrain "An' he-e-e skedaddled." Then a grave and tattered senior arose in all the artistic majesty of old duds and uncut hair. Fondly laying his thin tanned cheek upon his "Crimoaner," as Russell murmured, he riveted an exalted look upon Senator Bill, drew his bow across the attuned strings, and broke joyously, deliriously into a Schweppesody from Vieuxtemps (far from him!) the like of which neither God nor man had ever heard before. It was a great moment (for the grave and tattered senior) and the entire orchestra, down to the meanest tyro of them, leaned forward with bulging eyes and inflated nostrils. As the fine frenzy seized his soul the old man's figure began to sway with the rhythmic bursts and cadences of the great rhapsody, his old fiddle now and then approaching a note of really fine tone, but oftener a note which no one would endorse.

Higher and higher the crescendo tore on raspingly, while the old fellow, his pathetic figure now utterly abandoned to the delusion that he was in tune with Vieuxtemps or any one else, swayed and staggered from physical infirmity doubly paralysed by the glamour of this great occasion. Just as the proud old musician was nimbly toying with a faint, capricious phrase and desired all to hold their breath, a large side door rattled at the latch and slammed noisily as a pair of clumsy, profane feet were heard shuffling up behind the senator. The reincarnation of Vieuxtemps abruptly ceased to play, and the choler as quickly rose to his perspiring brow. Fixing his agitated eye upon the intruding waiter, author of the slam that broke his rhapsodic fervour, the old man hissed furiously: "You pestiferous! You pulicose pup!" The proud and crushing manner of it, the toss of the mane, and the slowly averted head of the interrupted player were annihilating. He resumed his seat with a look of unutterable disdain, and when the waiter passed the wine he waved him off. It was not until the senator himself had complimented him on his artistic triumph and offered treat, that

this proud hedgerow minstrel deigned to participate in what had been so thoughtfully provided to warm the cockles of his heart.

So an evening wore on in this novel and informal way, its comic phases blended grotesquely with the pathos of some later incidents concerning these strolling players and the big-hearted American whom they regarded with a curious affection. By and by the entertainers having been more than paid, were dismissed — all except the aged rhapsodist who returned from the door alone and held a moment's private converse with the senator. When he had gone the senator's eyes softened: "There's a pathetic story in those old clothes. Poor old man: he is further from himself than we are from — home!"

CHAPTER XXI

WINDSOR CASTLE

Windsor Castle — When Open to Public View — Built by William the Conqueror — The Magna Charta — Its Greatest Extension Built by George IV — An Architect's Error — Names of Nineteen Towers — Elizabeth and Shakespeare — Falstaff in Love — St. George's Hall — Stoke Poges Church and Gray's "Elegy" — St. George's Chapel, Chaucer — The Body of Charles I — Wellington — Queen Victoria — King Edward's Improvements — The Duke of Argyll, Governor of Windsor Castle — Tribute of Beaver Skins from William Penn — Lord Baltimore — The Duke of Marlborough and Tricolour — Cellini's Masterpiece.

Windsor Castle

By the courtesy of King Edward strangers are permitted to view nearly all that is of interest in Windsor Castle on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, *during the absence of the court.* It is rarely that the court resides at Windsor more than four months in the year. There is no fee on Wednesday; but on Tuesday and Thursday one shilling is charged. The fund thus raised is for the benefit of the poor of Windsor.

Every year the number of American and European visitors, which for many years has been large, shows a considerable increase; and I was told by one of the attendants that he had never conducted a party over the Castle in summer which did not include Americans. The fact is, Windsor Castle the structure, its associations and contents, represent in miniature the history of England in its most picturesque and pleasing aspect, and is of great interest to every student of history, but specially to those who claim an Anglo-Saxon origin.

History. The Castle stands on the summit of a hill, and consists of buildings covering about thirteen acres, dominated by a huge round tower. William the Norman, who successfully invaded England in 1066, charmed by a pleasant situation on a winding shore of the Thames, allied with natural advantages for defence, resolved to erect a stronghold on the spot, and so founded what has been the principal residence of the English kings from that day to this. The castle built by the Conqueror was a veritable fortress, and it remained almost without alteration or enlargement to the time of Henry I. King John resided

there during that little dispute he had with his barons which was terminated by his signing the Magna Charta in the meadow of Runnymede, near by. Henry I improved upon the plan of William the Norman, and greatly strengthened, enlarged, and beautified the Castle. During the reign of Henry III the Castle sustained several attacks (in no case by foreign foes), but withstood them all, suffering little or no damage. Thereafter the Castle was added to and enriched by a long line of monarchs, and passed through the various stages of fortress, fortress and palace, to what it is to-day, a palace and treasure-house of art. A definite period can be assigned to almost every part of it, and the details of its long and varied history have been well preserved. Its greatest extension was made by George IV. who spent nearly £1,000,000 — not of his own money, that was not the fourth George's way — in additions and improvements to the various buildings. The extensions and restorations then made were on the whole well advised, and carried out with a reverent regard for the antiquity of the building. But in one particular Wyatt, the architect, is held to have erred grievously.

By his orders the interstices between the blocks of stone which compose the outer walls were filled with black cement, causing the surface to present a series of parallelograms, like a bit of stage scenery, greatly inferior in its effect to the unbroken dull gray familiar to so many generations of Englishmen.

Windsor's Towers

Windsor Castle is an irregular parallelogram, of which the huge Round Tower is the centre, flanked on the right by the Upper Ward, and on the left by the Lower Ward and St. George's Chapel, and consists of numerous buildings outlined by nineteen towers, named respectively Curfew, Garter, Salisbury, Governor's, Henry III or Lieutenant's, Devil's, Edward III, Lancaster, York, Augusta, Victoria, Clarence, Chester, Prince of Wales, Brunswick, Cornwall, George IV, Winchester, and State. Among the interior buildings are two other towers northeast of the Round Tower, viz., the Norman and King John. There are several entrances to the Castle, the principal ones being Henry VIII Gateway, George IV Gateway, the Sovereign's Entrance, and the Strangers' Entrance to the State Apartments. Being only undistinguished members of the largest and most

energetic branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, it was by the last named portal that our party entered.

Interior

There is a subtle charm about irregularity for which the convenience of uniformity is no match. Windsor Castle, being of no definite plan, but rather a growth which exhibits in every part the accretions of an immense period of time, is full of this charm. Its interminable corridors, vast halls, innumerable rooms, stairways, and secret passages, are intricate, its associations historic, and some of its splendour delightful. The slenderest sketch of why this or that part of this magnificent castle on the banks of the Thames is of special interest would involve, as I have said, a short history of England — nay, more; for not only did most of England's kings enter and quit the world within its walls, and live and act within them their parts in the large drama of England, but all that is best in art has been attracted thereto for nearly a thousand years. During all that time men whose genius has raised them high above their fellows, whether English or foreign, have been hospitably entertained at the Castle, so that there is

hardly anything in the place without special interest for somebody. Are you interested in literature? There is a suite of rooms inhabited by Elizabeth where she sent for Shakespeare to compliment him upon his "Henry IV" and bid him write another play to exhibit Falstaff in love. The "White Hart," where he stayed, is, in part, the "Garter Inn," to which Shakespeare retired to do his royal mistress's bidding and from which, *a fortnight later*, the poet emerged with the manuscript of his "Merry Wives of Windsor." Not a bad fourteen days' work, that! Here is St. George's Hall, where that great play was first performed before Elizabeth and her court. Here is the North Terrace upon which that fierce daughter of a fiercer father was wont to stand and shoot with her cross-bow at the deer which her park-keepers drove past on occasions when she was disinclined to hunt in the Home Park. Here is an admirable library, full of treasures — richly illuminated manuscripts, rare printed books, medals and miniatures; and if these fail to interest you, look out of the window over a fair landscape to Stoke Poges Church, where the poet Gray wrote his "Elegy." Here are cabinets of

exquisite workmanship containing ancient Japanese porcelain and curios, superior, so Japanese experts assert, to anything the Mikado himself can show; and a superb dinner service of Sèvres, made for the French King, Louis XVI, acknowledged by all to be the

STOKE POGES, SCENE OF GRAY'S "ELEGY"

finest in the world. The Grand Reception Room, the Audience Room, the Guard Room (or Armoury), the Vandyke Room, the Oak Dining Room, the State Dining Room, and the White, Green, and Crimson Drawing Rooms, are all splendid apartments, richly decorated and (except the Armoury) hung with choice examples of the great masters.

St. George's Chapel

St. George's Chapel, within the precincts of the Castle, on the north side of the Lower Ward, belongs to the period of Edward IV so far as its main structure is concerned. It is a beautiful chapel, the richly carved stalls of the Knights of the Garter, and the Knights' banners hung high along each wall, the whole lighted by an enormous window which occupies nearly all the west end, producing an effect which is very fine. On this chapel Chaucer, "father of English poetry," laboured with mallet and chisel, commanding a squad of masons and carvers. It contains some fine memorials, notably a marble figure of Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV, who died in childbirth, representing the Princess with her infant in her arms. As the scene of historical pageants, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is second only to Westminster Abbey. In it has taken place the christening, confirmation, marriage, and obsequies of most English monarchs for the last five hundred years. Hither, on a snowy winter day, was brought for burial the body of Charles I from Whitehall (London), where he had been beheaded after condemnation at a trial ordered by Cromwell and Parliament.

But it is of the brighter scenes enacted here that one prefers to think — of the royal marriages, notably that of the present king — with their gorgeous array of uniforms, and ladies adorned with greater profusion of jewels than the Arabian Nights' chronicler ever dreamed of, while the big guns boom and the church bells clash without.

St. George's Hall is an immense banqueting chamber used only on occasions of great ceremony. A dinner party of a hundred or so would be lost in it. It has been the scene of many stately entertainments; and when its long tables are set with plate, and china and glass such as only Windsor Castle contains, and is decked out for the reception of some great foreign potentate, it makes a brave show. The Waterloo Gallery is not so large as at St. George's Hall, and it has a singular roof, not unlike a ship's cabin. It is modern as its name implies, adorned with portraits of Wellington and others who broke the power of the great Napoleon. During the last twenty years of Victoria's reign this gallery was many times used as a theatre, and the voices of Henry Irving and his

company, and of various opera companies, have been heard here.

King Edward's Improvements

The present King, Edward, had no sooner come into his kingdom than like his predecessors he proceeded to make his mark upon Windsor Castle. Wax candles and gas, beloved of Queen Victoria, were made to yield pride of place to the electric light; for in things material Victoria was very conservative, slow to discard a good thing for that which is better. In particular she was a lover of horses and hater of motors, and could never be persuaded to ride in an automobile. But this is digressing. King Edward's changes have been few, and those very carefully made. In installing electric light, it has been adapted to the wonderful glass chandeliers already in place, so that the aspect by day is quite unchanged.

The Governor of Windsor Castle

The best authority on Windsor Castle, its history and legendary lore, is the Duke of Argyll, brother-in-law of King Edward, whom Americans and Europeans know better by his earlier title of Marquis of Lorne. He was for some years Governor-General of Canada, and numbers among his personal friends many Canadians and Americans. The Duke of

Argyll, who is now Governor of Windsor Castle, is singularly well fitted for his post, perfectly acquainted with his great charge, courteous, affable — in a word, a gentleman. The Duke is the successor of a long line of distinguished Governors. One would not suspect that there was anything of particular interest to Americans in the history of an office such as that of Governor of Windsor Castle, which most people regard as a sinecure, yet what do we find? Formerly the Governor had to receive certain tributes due to the King. A former Governor, writing in 1752, says: "Mr. Paris intends to wait on me to tender two beaver skins by which Mr. Penn holds the province of Pennsylvania, and believes that tribute should be tendered here, as well as the two Indian arrows by which my Lord Baltimore holds the province of Maryland under a grant from the Crown of the Castle of Windsor. As to the Indian arrows, they have been constantly tendered every Easter Tuesday, but the beaver skins have never been tendered to me." In a letter from the "Agent for the Proprietarys" to the Governor of Windsor Castle, dated 1753, the following passage occurs: "These two beaver skins are herewith most humbly yielded and paid

to His most gracious Majesty on the part of the Honble. Thomas Penn and Richard Penn, Esquires, Proprietarys of the Province of Pennsylvania in America, pursuant to the Reservation contained in the Royal Grant of the said Province."

In the Guard Room, or Armoury, which contains a rare collection of weapons and armour, a tricolour flag, displayed above a bust of the first Duke of Marlborough, attracts the attention of Americans. When the Duke of Marlborough vanquished the French at Blenheim his grateful countrymen rewarded him with the gift of an estate at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, and a house grandiloquently styled Blenheim Palace, both being held by the Duke's successors on condition that they present their sovereign each year with a tricolour flag. The Dukes of Wellington are under a similar obligation in respect of the battle of Waterloo, and a Wellington bust and tricolour flag may be seen beside those of the Duke of Marlborough. Over the fireplace, protected by a glass shade, is a steel shield, embossed and inlaid in gold and silver by Benvenuto Cellini, given by Francis I, King of France, to Henry VIII on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." It represents battle

scenes in relief and is a superb work of art, of quite inestimable value, being the finest example of the genius of the great Italian master, superior to the specimens of his art preserved in the Vatican. Here also is a suit of armour worn by David II, King of Scotland, which has been preserved in Windsor Castle since October, 1346, and another which formerly belonged to John II, King of France.

What most excited the admiration of the ladies was the series of drawing rooms which, during the Victorian reign, were decorated and furnished in very bad taste. They open out upon the East Terrace, a beautiful flower garden adorned with statues, vases, and fountains, part of the moat which originally surrounded the castle. Queen Victoria opened the East Terrace to the public on Sunday afternoons, a privilege continued by King Edward. There is generally a military band performing there, and a more agreeable promenade in summer could not be imagined.

CHAPTER XXII

AROUND ETON

Russell's Prophetic Vision of the Morgan Dynasty — Columbian Empire — Chateau de Chicago — Repartee — Eton College — Its Library — Mr. Gladstone — The Town of Eton — Datchet Mead, Scene of Falstaff's Adventure — Home Park and Farm — The King's Prize Cattle.

Returning to the "White Hart" we found an excellent luncheon awaiting us in a small private room. The ladies of our party were much fatigued — more so, probably, than if they had been walking all the time in the park; for the Norman architects who designed the towers of the old feudal fortress we had just explored were merciless in the number of treads to their stairways, while in choosing their angles they gave but scant consideration to the limit of human endurance, or (what is more probable) they were a hardier race than we puny moderns.

Russell ate voraciously for a time, but was first to say that he had "lost his appetite — very pleasantly!" Then having

DISTANT VIEW OF ETON

quaffed a large draught of claret, he folded his arms, lay back in his chair, and smiled contentedly. "I have been thinking," he observed, speaking slowly, "that the show we have just seen is a very good one, and that it specially appeals to Americans because their great and glorious country has nothing of a similar character to bid the intelligent tourist admire. But my prophetic vision pierces the centuries to come and I discern a period — say the reign of Pierpont XVIII, in the tenth century of the Morgan Dynasty — when all the tapestries, pictures, statues, and other good things now in that castle" (here Russell pointed over his shoulder with his thumb), "will be distributed among the principal museums of the great Columbian Empire that is now known as the United States." Here the speaker looked around as if expecting an outburst of indignation, but nobody regarded him. Somewhat disconcerted by the indifference, Russell proceeded in a milder strain. "Of course the possibilities of art are as inexhaustible as those of science, and that our people could build a castle as much superior to that of Windsor as Windsor Castle is superior to my house on W. 938th

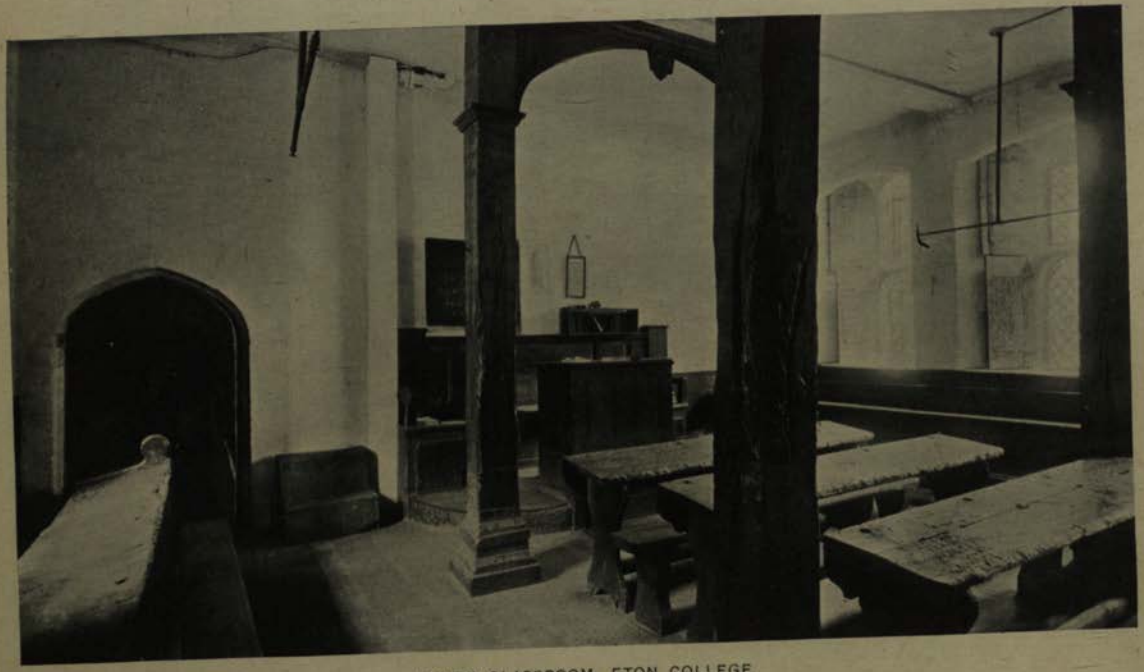
ETON COLLEGE

Street, New York, I don't for a moment doubt. But historical associations are things that must be waited for; they are not amenable to 'hustle.' A twentieth century Chateau de Chicago might have its sallyports, its secret passages, and its dungeons, as this castle has, but it would take several generations of unconscionable tyrants and knee-crooking vassals to make them interesting. And then, again, there is our prosaic civilisation. To say, 'By this roll-top desk the Secretary to the Treasury arranged his big deal with the President of the Beef Trust' may be equally true, but it is vastly less picturesque than reporting, 'In the recess of this oriel window Queen Elizabeth boxed my Lord Burleigh's ears for presuming to enter the Audience Chamber in his riding boots.'"

"If you owned a castle," observed Blossom, quietly, "it would not be long before you could point to some part of it where a lady had boxed *your* ears."

"If I owned a castle," rejoined Russell, "I am by no means sure that I would allow a lady to enter it."

"If a gentleman entered it, would it be



LOWER CLASSROOM, ETON COLLEGE

by your *right* or by your *invitation?*" inquired the young lady maliciously?

"I will answer that question when I conduct you over it," said Russell.

Eton College

It was presently proposed to walk to Eton, on the Buckinghamshire side of the river, joined to Windsor by a stone bridge, to see the greatest of England's public schools, which strangely enough is always called Eton *College*. As it had been previously arranged that our journey should be resumed early the next morning, everybody agreed. The walk is a pleasant one. The college buildings consist of two quadrangles and cloisters, and date from the year 1523. The chapel, in the Perpendicular style, somewhat resembling King's College, Cambridge, was founded by Henry VI. One of the memorial brasses is dated so far back as 1489. There are two fine windows and other memorials to Etonians who have fallen in Britain's wars. For an educational establishment the library is magnificent, comprising more than twenty thousand volumes, among them some precious illuminated manuscripts and Caxtons. Eton College is the most expensive and exclusive of English public schools, much affected by the titled and

WHERE GLADSTONE, WHILE A STUDENT AT ETON, INSCRIBED HIS NAME

wealthy. It has turned out some very distinguished scholars, chief among whom is Gladstone. Among the hundreds of names cut by the boys on forms, desks, and oaken panels, are many who subsequently distinguished themselves in the service of their country. The number of boys at Eton College is well over a thousand, of whom all but eighty are lodged in the houses of the masters. On the north of the college, bordered by the Thames, are the Playing Fields, and it is a common observation in England that in these fields Britain's battles are won. Probably it was thought of the heavy toll that war takes from each generation of English life that inspired the poet Gray, in his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," to exclaim "Alas! regardless of their doom, the little victims play."

Eton is a very small town of less than five thousand inhabitants — practically one long street — and derives all its importance from its college. A comprehensive birds-eye view of Eton is obtained from the East Terrace of Windsor Castle, the fine collegiate chapel, a building which cannot be mistaken for any other, being its most conspicuous object. Our party sauntered along the bank of the river, past

ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL

the Victoria Bridge to Datchet Mead, but found it simply a riverside meadow remarkable for nothing but its selection by Shakespeare as the scene of Sir John Falstaff's ignoble adventure. Continuing as far as the Albert Bridge, we crossed into the Home Park and wandered leisurely round about the Home Farm, an agricultural establishment run not for profit but to supply the King's table with the best that England can produce. Its cattle and sheep have won many prizes at the great agricultural shows, and at the annual sales of its surplus stock a large proportion of the champion animals are secured by American breeders.

Bearing to the right, we again reached the Long Walk, about midway between the Castle and George III's statue, and then walked slowly toward the Castle, facing its grand front. Under favourable conditions of weather (which we were so fortunate as to enjoy), there is nothing else we know of that is quite so impressive. It is a superb picture, emphatically a thing to be seen.

"It hardly seems possible," said one of our party, "that we have stood at the foot of the flagstaff atop of that huge Round

ETON COLLEGE, THE DINING HALL

Tower on the left! Fancy being in that position, the monarch of all you survey, the winding Thames at your feet, and the thick haze twenty miles away overspreading your capital — London!'

CHAPTER XXIII

OLD WINDSOR TO WALTON

Old Windsor — Edward the Confessor — Bells of Ouseley — St. Stanislas' College — Warren Hastings — Royal Tapestry Works — Magna Charta Island — Egham — An Epitaph by David Garrick — Laleham and the Arnold Family — Chertsey — Shepperton — Weybridge — Sunbury — Walton — Louis Philippe.

On the morrow less than an hour after daybreak, we released the *Fuzzy-Wuzzy* from the guardianship of the boathouse proprietor, and resumed our slow journey to London.

The sky was overcast, the position of the sun apparent only by a few streaks of gray light. We had no sooner taken our seats and applied ourselves to the paddles, than rain began to descend — not heavily, but in a manner suggestive of the probability of its continuance all day, resembling the deliberation with which English people undertake a task.

The Thames at Windsor winds very abruptly, and it is necessary to traverse

almost three sides of a parallelogram before the Albert Bridge, connecting the Buckinghamshire shore with the Home Park, is reached. To the boatman bound for London it is a case of much labour and little progress, a fact very thoroughly impressed upon the voyager during a persistent, penetrating rain. But even that ordeal has its compensations in the curious effects of light and shadow upon the grand old castle on the hill, seen through the steady downpour from various points of veiw.

Old Windsor

Old Windsor is about two miles from Windsor proper, across the Home Park, but much farther by river. The village is prettily situated, embowered in woods. Edward the Confessor formerly had a palace there, occasionally used as a royal residence until 1110, but no trace of it now remains, its very site being uncertain. Some fine mansions are in the neighbourhood; and when passing the "Bells of Ouseley," a favourite inn with anglers and boatmen, a good view is obtained of St. Stanislas' College for Catholics (conducted by Fathers of the Society of Jesus), formerly Beaumont Lodge, where the much tried Warren Hastings resided. In the

CAMPING ON THE THAMES AT SUNBURY BRIDGE

neighbourhood are the Royal Tapestry Works which the late Duke of Albany, a son of Queen Victoria, helped to found. The place does not possess many features of interest, certainly nothing worth lingering to examine in the rain, so we pulled on for another mile

DUNCROFT (STAINES) WHERE KING JOHN SLEPT BEFORE SIGNING THE MAGNA CHARTA

and a half to Magna Charta Island, the spot where, in 1215, King John signed the great Charta said to be the base of the British Constitution as it exists to-day. A Gothic cottage on the island contains the stone on which the parchment rested for the barons to affix their signatures, inscribed: "Be it remembered that

Magna Charta Island

on this Island in June, 1215, King John of England signed the Magna Charta, and in the year 1834 this building was erected in commemoration of that great event by George Simon Harcourt, Esq., Lord of the Manor, and then High Sheriff of the County." Runnymede, near by, on the Surrey side, is the place where the barons assembled on that occasion, and is now used as a race-course.

Egham

Another mile and a half and Bell Weir Lock is reached, where the river Colne, which forms the boundary between Buckinghamshire and Middlesex, falls into the Thames. Here the rain fortunately ceased, so we left the *Fuzzy-Wuzzy* at the boathouse and made across the fields direct for Egham, a pretty little town in Surrey lying perhaps half a mile from the river bank. After spending an hour or so endeavouring to counteract the effects of the drenching to which we had just been subjected, we sallied forth to see what of interest Egham possesses for the stranger. It was not much that we found. The church is small and unpretentious, but contains more interesting monuments than from the meanness of its exterior one would be led to expect. A tablet commemorating the Rev.

T. Beighton, for forty-five years vicar of Egham, who died in 1771, bears an epitaph from the pen of David Garrick, asserted by Dr. Johnson to be the best in the language, a judgment which has been bitterly assailed and ridiculed by numerous other critics. The lines run thus:

Near half an age, with ev'ry good man's praise,
Among his flock the shepherd passed his days;
The friend, the comfort, of the sick and poor,
Want never knock'd unheeded at his door.
Oft when his duty called, disease and pain
Strove to confine him, but they strove in vain:
All mourn his death, his virtues long they try'd,
They knew not how they lov'd him till he dy'd;
Peculiar blessings did his lips attend,
He had no foe and Camden was his friend.

Let us hope that the critics on faith in whose judgment we accept David Garrick as a great actor are more reliable than the burly lexicographer in his appreciation of this doggerel. Some of the more interesting of the monuments are in memory of various members of the Denham family which gave to England the Sir John Denham who wrote "Cooper's Hill." (Cooper's Hill — the place, not the poem — lies at the back of Egham, and is now chiefly remarkable as the seat of a

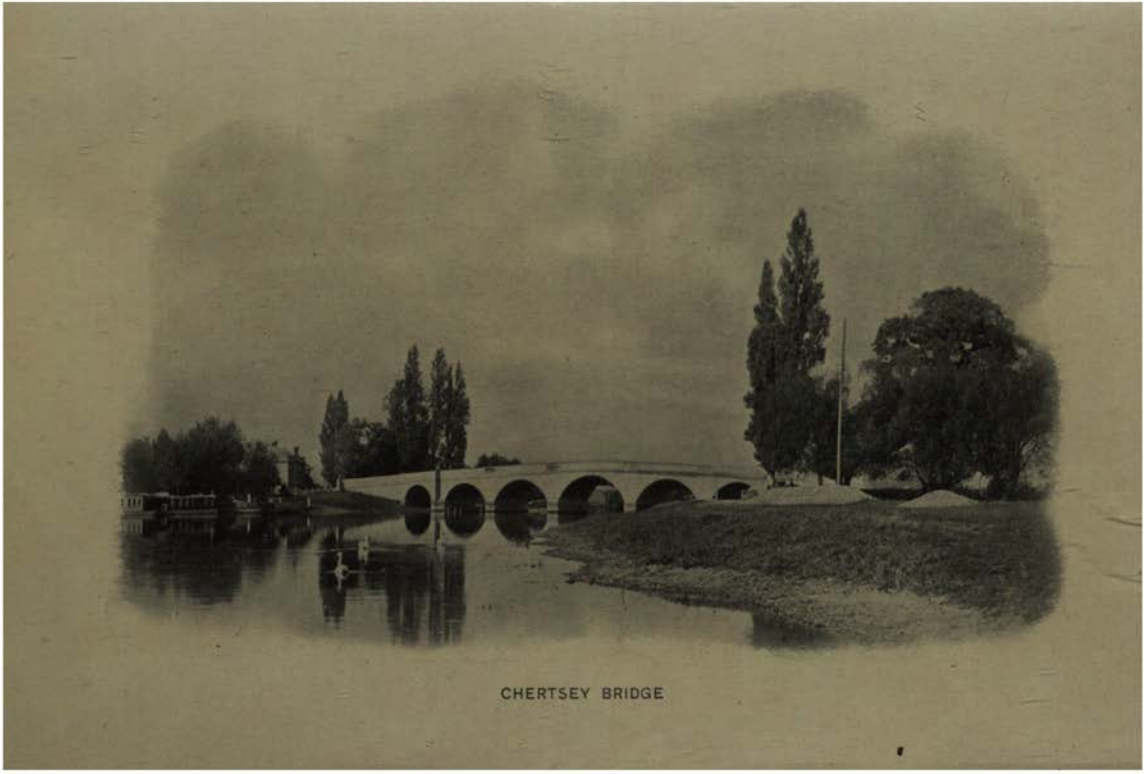
HOUSE-BOAT REACH, STAINES

college for training engineers for the government service in India.) The altar-piece, by R. Westall, R.A., representing Elijah raising the widow's son, is a fine work, well worth inspection.

Staines

After leaving Egham the country on either side of the river appears somewhat flatter and less diversified, though it preserves unimpaired its characteristic greenness until Staines is reached, a clean little town on the Middlesex shore of about five thousand inhabitants, thirty-five miles from London by river, nineteen by road.

Staines has some claims to antiquity, but they are not numerous nor very apparent. Chief of these is what is called the London Stone, denoting the ancient jurisdiction of the city of London over the river Thames. The stone is in bad condition, but on a moulding round the upper part of it may still be discerned the words: "God preserve the City of London, A.D. 1280." *Stana* being Saxon for stone, some archæologists see in this circumstance the origin of the name of the town. Staines Bridge is of stone; it has three arches, and was designed by Rennie. Like all Rennie's work, it is a



CHERTSEY BRIDGE

happy combination of utility and artistic effect. The parish church (St. Mary's) is modern, except the tower, which was built in 1631, from a design by Inigo Jones. On the whole we found little of interest in Staines, and hastened to resume our journey; for it is a zig-zag course the river takes between Staines and Laleham, where we purposed to make our next halt — a pretty village on the Middlesex shore, chosen home of the Arnold family, every member of which has achieved distinction in some branch of learning.

Laleham and the Arnold Family

Laleham is a typical English village, for the most part the property of the Earl of Lucan, whose house stands in a fine park. Some grand old Norman pillars and arches have been built into the south wall of the parish church (All Saints), the main structure being of uncertain date, though unquestionably ancient. But it is to the churchyard that most visitors direct their attention, for in it lies buried the learned Dr. Arnold, best and wisest of schoolmasters, who resided at Laleham for the nine years just preceding his appointment to the head mastership of Rugby, as well as five other members of the Arnold family, including the poet, Matthew Arnold.

THE EYAT, WEYBRIDGE

Louis Philippe, Chertsey

It had been arranged that we should go ashore at Chertsey, Shepperton, Weybridge, Sunbury, and Walton, the only four points of interest between us and Hampton, where we purposed, if possible, to stay the night, the palace at Hampton Court being worth more than a casual inspection. It was now, however, well past mid-day, and though we had paddled much we were no great distance from where we started.

Chertsey is a little town of no particular interest, though the country around it is hilly and beautiful. Cowley, the poet, died there, in Porch House, July 28, 1667, and it was the home of Charles James Fox, old George III's statesman. Weybridge, in Surrey, has nothing whatever of interest. Louis Philippe, King of the French, was buried there. But what of that? Why don't the French people bury their kings in France instead of this country, I should like to know. Shepperton, on the opposite bank, in Middlesex, has a queer old church built in 1614 with materials from a still older church that stood upon piles in the river and was washed away by a flood. It has also a rectory over four hundred years old. Walton has a very

ON THE RIVER WEY

old church, supposed to be Saxon, containing a few old brasses and monuments. Sunbury is better known for its race-course than for anything of antiquarian interest. In the vestry of the church at Walton is preserved a beautiful instrument — an instrument as use-

SHEPPERTON CHURCH

ful as it is beautiful — made in 1632. It is called a scold's bit, a bridle, and is intended as a gag for a lady of many words. It is inscribed with this couplet:

> Chester to Walton presents a bridle,
> To curb women's tongues that talk too idle.

This charming instrument was presented to the church by a gentleman who lost an estate through the loquacity of a woman.

WALTON-ON-THAMES

Chertsey, over on the Surrey bank, is where Bill Sykes, the burglar, was frustrated in his attempt to rob a house by the heroism of his unwilling assistant, poor little Oliver Twist. Dear old Dickens! One cannot go anywhere in this valley but there is something of interest connected with either the man or his writings.

CHAPTER XXIV

HAMPTON COURT AND BUSHEY PARK

The Town of Hampton — Garrick's Villa — Hampton Court Palace — Cardinal Wolsey — Henry VIII — Queen Mary and King Philip of Spain — The State Apartments — Great Hall — "The Royal Almshouse" — Charles I — Cromwell — Hampton Court Park — Bushey Park.

The Town of Hampton

Hampton, a small town in Middlesex, of about four thousand inhabitants, is pleasantly situated. Its easy access from the metropolis, and the fact of Hampton Races being held twice a year at Molesey Hurst, on the opposite bank of the river, have made Hampton a favourite locality for day excursionists from London — by no means the best specimens of the *genus* John Bull. The principal race meeting takes place in June, when Londoners pour into the little town in thousands. They come by rail, river, and road. Every sort of vehicle is pressed into their service, and the road is crowded with the elegant charàbancs of the aristocrats mixed indiscriminately with costermongers' donkey-carts. Hampton being

about the same distance from London as Epsom, the races held there are exceeded in popularity only by the Derby.

Garrick's Villa

Garrick's Villa, the house where the great actor lived, is situated on the river bank, a short distance beyond the church. The house cannot be very well seen, but a small temple on the lawn is easily discernible. This temple was designed for Garrick by the sculptor Roubiliac, and for some years sheltered the fine statue of Shakespeare (also the work of Roubiliac) which now stands in the entrance hall of the British Museum at the right hand by the door leading to the King's library. Hampton parish church as such does not deserve a visit; but its register goes back to 1512, and it contains several curious monuments, one of them generally surrounded by a group of Americans. It is to the memory of Sibel, daughter of John Hampden, who married a member of the Penn family. It bears a long and quaintly spelled rhymed inscription, at once biographical and eulogistic. A little below Hampton, behind a tiny islet known as Tagg's Island, is a beautiful backwater, where in summer numerous elaborately decorated house-boats may be seen moored.

Hampton Court Palace

We quitted our hostelry betimes in the morning and set out for Hampton Court Palace. This historic building is not at Hampton, as one member of our party supposed, but at Hampton Court, a small village near by — a mere

HAMPTON COURT PALACE

handful of houses grouped about one of those open public spaces which the English people call "a green." Here stands the famous palace built by Cardinal Wolsey in 1515, when at the height of his power and grandeur. In founding this palace there can be no question but the haughty Cardinal intended it for his own residence. But Wolsey was no

less diplomatic than haughty. Observing that his tyrannical master, the King, regarded its magnificence "with an ill eye," and that he went so far as to assert that two hundred and eighty silk beds decorated with costly hangings were rather more than are necessary for the repose of even a Cardinal, Wolsey extricated himself from the difficulty by resorting to a clever, albeit an expensive lie. "This beautiful palace that I have erected," said the wily Cardinal to Henry VIII in 1526, "is fit only for a king, and to the greatest of earthly kings it is my pleasure no less than my duty to present it. Behold, it is no longer mine; Your Majesty is the lord thereof." It was not to be supposed that bluff King Hal, the English bluebeard who never scrupled to take a man or woman's head when he thought that it was to his advantage to do so, would refuse what was so gracefully (though untruthfully) offered to him. Nor did he. The King accepted the gift, and in return *loaned* the Cardinal a vastly inferior palace at Richmond. The King at once took up his residence at Hampton Court Palace, and proceeded to enlarge and beautify it. His son, afterwards Edward VI, was born here, and it is the scene of

Henry's *sixth* marriage and Jane Seymour's death. Queen Mary and King Philip of Spain passed their honeymoon in this palace, which until the time of George II was an occasional residence of the English kings. It has undergone many changes, however; which strangely enough have almost always been made with taste and judgment for the purpose of extension only. The eastern front overlooking the gardens, and the fine Fountain Court, were designed by Sir Christopher Wren, architect of St. Paul's, London.

The State Apartments

The public is freely admitted to the State Apartments of Hampton Court Palace, about thirty vast halls and rooms containing a fine collection of historic pictures of every school of painting, as well as some choice tapestries, china, and carvings. Of these the Great Hall, a magnificent apartment one hundred and six feet long and forty feet wide, calls for special attention. It has a minstrel gallery above which is a west window of noble proportions bearing the arms, badges, and ciphers of Henry VIII and his six wives. Architects generally regard this hall as perfect in symmetry and design. Its walls are adorned by a series of tapestries representing the history

of Abraham. In the Second Court is a gateway, above which is an astronomical clock, the oldest in England, placed there in 1540, and medallion busts of Pope Leo X. The walls of all the rooms, bedrooms no less than drawing rooms, audience and presence chambers, are covered with paintings, of unequal merit, but certainly numbering many choice examples of the old masters. The Queen's drawing room interests Americans chiefly because it is hung with pictures from the brush of Sir Benjamin West; its windows command a superb view of the palace gardens with their three long avenues of trees stretching away down to the river. In the Queen's Presence Chamber is a series of views on the Thames.

Beneficiaries of the Crown

The State Apartments, large and numerous as they are, form but a portion of the palace. The other parts are inhabited by beneficiaries of the Crown, persons distinguished in literature, science, or art, or the naval and military services, to whom the King grants suites of rooms, in some cases together with a pension. From this circumstance the more irreverent among the English have nicknamed Hampton Court Palace "the Royal Almshouse."

People are not wanting who prefer Hampton Court Palace to Windsor Castle; but I am not one of these. They found their preference chiefly upon the fact that there is nothing of the fortress about it. It is younger than Windsor Castle by almost five centuries, and consequently not nearly so rich in historical associations, though these are not wholly wanting. Charles I spent part of his captivity here, and it was Cromwell's residence when he contracted the fever which cost him his life. Rich as the palace still is in art treasures, it has been despoiled of its finest examples. Early in Victoria's reign the decision to remove the choicest pictures from the various royal palaces for the enrichment of the picture gallery at Windsor Castle cost Hampton Court Palace many a masterpiece. About the same time, chiefly for the convenience of art students, a priceless series of cartoons by Raphael was removed from the south gallery to the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

Bushey Park

The beautiful gardens of Hampton Court, and Hampton Court Park with Bushey Park adjoining (the two latter being practically one large park), are universally devoted to public enjoyment. In

Bushey Park an avenue of chestnut trees one mile long, extending from the Lion Gates of Hampton Court Palace to Teddington, present a fine spectacle in spring when they are covered with blossom. The park is finely timbered, and a large herd of deer which ranges it unchecked adds to its sylvan aspect. The vivid greenness and springy velvet-like quality of the lawns in the palace gardens are a never-failing source of delight to Americans. They have nothing like them in the States. An English gardener whom an American once asked for the secret of their perfection said, "We mows 'em and we rolls 'em for a thousand years, and the rain on 'em does the rest."

It was a happy day we spent at Hampton Court Palace, and we left it with regret. A connoisseur in art might profitably spend a week examining the building and its contents; and his notes if conscientiously made from an American standpoint should be valuable. The gardens, also, would equally well repay any attention an American horticulturist might give them. Their plan and treatment impressed us as perfect; the maze, wilderness, and the grand black Hamburg vine, planted in 1768, and often bearing two thousand bunches of grapes a year, being each of its kind unique.

CHAPTER XXV

HAMPTON COURT TO LONDON BRIDGE

The River Mole — The Molesey Regatta — Thames Ditton — Theodore Hook — Kingston to London Bridge — Saxon Kings — Cæsar's Ford — Surbiton and Norbiton — Hampton Wick, Teddington, Twickenham, "Peg Woffington" — Teddington Deep; a Million Eels — Strawberry Hill and Horace Walpole — Twickenham, Alexander Pope — The Vandal, Lady Howe — Orleans House, Louis Philippe, Don Carlos — Sir Godfrey Kneller — Pope's Burial — Ham House, "The Cabal" — Eel Pie Island — Richmond Hill, Palace, Park, and Town — The Poet Thomson — Turner's Pictures — Dean Swift, Edmund Kean — Helen Faucit — Henry VII, Richmond Palace — Henry VIII and His Queens — Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth — "The Star and Garter" — Kew Palace and Gardens — Gainsborough's Tomb — Sion House, Lady Jane Grey — Chiswick, Hogarth — Chelsea, Thomas Carlyle — London Bridge.

A short distance below Hampton Court Palace on the opposite shore, the Mole joins the Thames after passing through the villages of East Molesey and Kent Town. Milton referred to it as the "Sullen Mole that runneth underneath"; from the fact that tradition ascribed to it many cavernous

hollows and hidden streams beneath its own bed. On its beautiful banks the "o'ergreat Cardinal" had built "his palace of Esher-Place," where he retired, it is said, after Henry VIII had despoiled him of his riches to such complete ruin as to compel him to beg from the monks at Leicester Abbey. I doubt the truth of the statement that the great prelate ever begged from anybody.

Opposite Molesey Hurst on the Surrey (the south) side of the river, lies the pretty island Platts Ait, and between it and the Surrey shore is the course of the Molesey Regatta. The next "ait" (island) is Garrick's, opposite Hampton, and the next two are Walnut Tree and Ash Island respectively. Between the mouth of the Mole and Thames Ditton a few small islands of no importance dot the course — now gradually approaching houses and gardens which begin to assume the metropolitan character.

Thames Ditton

Thames Ditton on the Surrey side is a small village with an old church to which reference has already been made, numerous quaint monuments and brasses, and an inn, the "Swan," which half a century ago was a popular rendezvous for anglers from all parts of the Thames

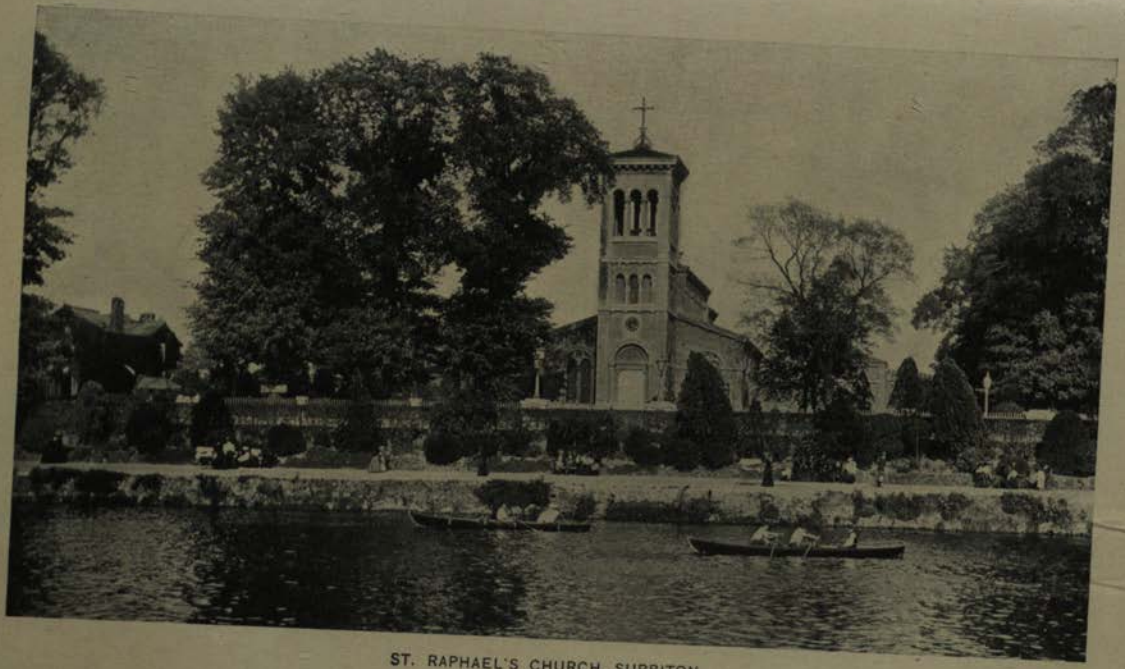
LEAVING MOLESEY LOCK

valley. Theodore Hook, whom the last generation will probably more readily recall than the present, as a dramatist, mimic, wit, and rhymster of exceptional facility, and a man of many greater parts, must have regarded Ditton as the Elysium of the punt-fishing and contemplative man. While sitting in his punt in July, 1834, with Mr. S. C. Hall, then editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, he composed seven eight-line verses cleverly expressive of his appreciation of what was then, much more than it is at present, one of the loveliest regions of the great little river. One of his ditties ran:

I'd rather live, like General Moore,
In one of the pavilions
Which stand upon the other shore,
Than be the king of millions;
For though no subjects might arise
To exercise my wit on,
From morn till night I'd feast my eyes
By gazing at sweet Ditton.

Kingston-on-Thames

On the way to Kingston we pass the Seething Wells Water Works on the right, an ugly necessity for the city of London. Passing Raven's Ait on the left we flow into the Kingston regatta course, pass under a stone bridge and come upon



ST. RAPHAEL'S CHURCH, SURBITON

Kingston, an ancient and busy little town of twenty thousand inhabitants, famous as the crowning place of seven of the Saxon Kings of England (A.D. 924–1016)—Athelstan, Edmund, Edred, Edgar, Edward the Martyr, Ethelred II, and Edmund II. This ceremony took place on a stone still to be seen in the market place of the town. Here the Romans found and conquered the Britons, and some writers say that the "ford" which Cæsar crossed was here and not up at Walton. There are many indications in the neighbourhood of Kingston to sustain this belief. Here the Saxons had many contests with their enemies the Danes. Its first charter was from King John. During the disputes between Charles I and Parliament Kingston was the scene of many fights — always as a staunch supporter of the King. Surbiton and Norbiton, once mere villages of Kingston above Kingston Bridge, are now towns of considerable size and residential attractiveness. Kingston Church was erected about the middle of the fourteenth century, but contains little of interest.

The river near Kingston, Hampton Wick, and Teddington on the opposite bank, is so easily accessible from London, that it

THE PROMENADE, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES

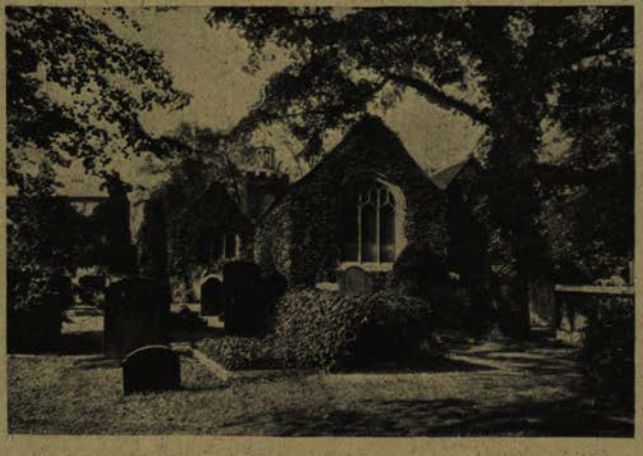
has become the Saturday and Sunday resort of all sorts and conditions of flannelled men, women, and children, in punts, canoes, dinghies, wherries, skiffs, and anything else that will float. It is a gay and an ever-varying scene, and to foreign eyes a novel sight, as viewed from the beautiful lawns of the old Albany Club, at Kingston, where the author, eight years ago, first enjoyed an English summer with all its characteristic concomitants of launch party visits up and down the stream, punt picnics, scull races, early morning swimming, tennis, lawn theatricals, gymkhanas, riding parties, coaching to the races at Sandown Park and Molesey Hurst, and all the numerous minor customs which make a large house party on a fine estate in England one of the greatest charms of English social life, infinitely more interesting, more graceful, than the heavy, stiff, and overdone conventions of society in London.

Teddington

Teddington, site of the first lock on the river above its mouth, is a place of many historic associations, and certain amusing modern customs to which later on I shall briefly revert. Its old manor is said to have been given to Westminster Abbey by Sebert, the first

CORONATION STONE, KINGSTON

Christian king of the East Saxons. In its exteriorly uninteresting church there is a monument of "Peg Woffington" ("Mrs. Margaret Woffington, Spinster," as the inscription reads), who died in 1760 at the age of thirty-nine. Her popularity as an actress



OLD CHURCH AT TEDDINGTON

was achieved principally by her delicate and realistic impersonation of male characters of the foppish type, especially that of Sir Harry Wildair in Farquhar's play of "The Constant Couple." The old deep under the earlier Teddington Weir, before the present lock displaced the rustic and picturesque contrivance which served to keep

A SUMMER DAY AT KINGSTON

back the tide in the days of Pope and Walpole, was a great "pitch" for the angling brotherhood, and many and quaint are the stories of that olden time when hereabout the river annually yielded for exportation to Holland over one million lampern (a kind of eel) which the Dutch used as bait for cod and turbot. The fishing at Teddington Weir is still interesting if one may regard the number of patient idlers who loiter in its precincts.

The Swains of Teddington

The author spent two pleasant summers in the neighbourhood of Teddington and Kingston, and wandered many times over the length and breadth of the valley and the river between Kew and Hampton Court. There are few, if any spots in the world which afford so much of history and life, so much of the latter's variety, such natural, unconscious display of a nation's simpler characteristics, as this tiny bit of toyland beside the Thames.

On a fresh, cool Sunday morning, as the sun looms up over the darkly verdured undulations of Richmond Hill and plashes its sheen flatly upon the quiet stream, one may sit upon its banks and watch the

kaleidoscope form and reform, expand, enliven, and finally blaze with the colours of frocks and parasol, of ribboned children and loosely, sensibly attired young men and old men, all moving up stream in craft laden with hampers and tea baskets, pillows, books, mandolins, guitars, banjos, and sometimes with enough *impedimenta* to furnish a farm.

Move up with them and drop into the backwaters of Teddington about luncheon or tea time. You will see hundreds of punts wherein the occupants are laying their picnic meal, making tea, popping soda bottles, and generally proceeding daintily to their little feast under the swaying willows, amongst the swans which here abound. In an hour look again and you will find the tables cleared and neither punter nor puntee visible above the rim of the punt-pit. Every one is lying full length in various chamber attitudes, in defiance of all so-called propriety, of every gaze, every expression of wonderment which a foreigner might venture to utter. This river, this island called England, these picnic habits, this love dalliance afloat, these lispings and kissings and woodland spooning belong to the swains of Teddington, and no foreigner, habitually living

in terror of his own country's police, need waste one gasp in surprise at the sights and sounds, by day or by night, in a Teddington backwater.

Strawberry Hill and Horace Walpole

"Strawberry Hill," in the village, was built by Horace Walpole in 1747, the Gothic mansion which became his favourite residence being an artistic enlargement of a cottage once occupied by a toy-woman named Chevenix. It became a great show house, so much subject to the invasion of visitors that Walpole longed for a rainy day and its peace. In it he wrote his famous "Letters" and his "Castle of Otranto," erected a printing press and produced therefrom fancy editions of his own works and those of his friends. In this retreat he stored and cherished the vast accumulation of his æsthetic tastes. The rare and varied collection outran the space and consisted of books, prints, medals, coins, drawings, paintings, and curiosities from all parts of the world, including arms, armour, porcelain of Dresden and Sèvres, Roman pottery, furniture, antique rings, snuff boxes, relics, and an unclassified list which had so enlarged the lot of treasure that it employed a vandal in 1842 twenty-

four days to sell it at the rate of one hundred and fifty lots a day. On Walpole's death it was found that he had bequeathed his entire collection to the Hon. Mrs. Damer, the sculptress, whose work on Henley Bridge has been indicated in these pages. At her death the house and collection were to pass to the Dowager Countess of Waldegrave, to whom, however, Mrs. Damer had surrendered it before her own death. Although Walpole had by entails and jointures managed to secure his collection from being scattered through several generations, there came a time when, in 1842, legal obstacles having been removed, a man by the name of Robins sold it out at auction. Thereafter, however, I understand that the succeeding Countess of Waldegrave endeavoured to recover some of the scattered treasures and replace them in the house.

Twickenham and Alexander Pope

In Twickenham Church will be found the mausoleum of Alexander Pope, most polished of England's poets, and the memorial of his father and mother; also the tablet Pope placed on the outer wall to the memory of Mary Beach, the faithful old servant who constantly attended him for thirty-eight years.

Near it is another tablet to the memory of Mrs. Clive, the "Kitty Clive" of Garrick's time. Pope is commemorated by a portrait medallion erected in 1761 by Bishop Warburton. The poet lived at Twickenham from 1715 until his death in 1744. His house stood by the riverside and, with the quaint grottoes which he arranged, was carefully preserved until 1807, when an unconscionable vandal in the form of a certain Lady Howe caused the whole to be destroyed, and erected within a few yards of its site the pretty gabled house known as Pope's Villa, the residence of Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., editor of *Truth*, redoubtable journalist and litigant.

Orleans House, near by, was the residence of the Princess of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne; also of Louis Philippe, King of the French, when he lived an exile in England; later of the Duc d'Aumale; and yet later of Don Carlos of Spain. Indeed, Twickenham was one time the fashionable residence of many London celebrities, among others, of the artist Hudson, the early instructor of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Scott, "the English Canaletti" as he was termed, and the friend of Hogarth, had a residence

TWICKENHAM FERRY

near Pope's house, and the portrait painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, lived not far from here in 1713 *et seq.* Pope, who was withal a man of independent character, directed in his will that he should be buried near his parents, who lay in Twickenham Church, and that he should be "carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of gray coarse cloth as mourning." Beneath Pope's monument appears the following inscription:

Poeta Loquitur,
For one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey.

Heroes and Kings, your distance keep,
In peace let one poor poet sleep;
Who never flattered folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

Ham House and "The Cabal"

On the opposite bank of the river we observe Petersham Meadows, Sudbrook Park, and Ham House, the latter built in 1610 by Sir Thomas Vavasor who, with Sir Francis Bacon, became one of the judges of the Marshal's Court. During the reign of the Stuarts this noble mansion was one of the most luxuriously appointed in the kingdom. Its ceilings were decorated by Verrio, its great

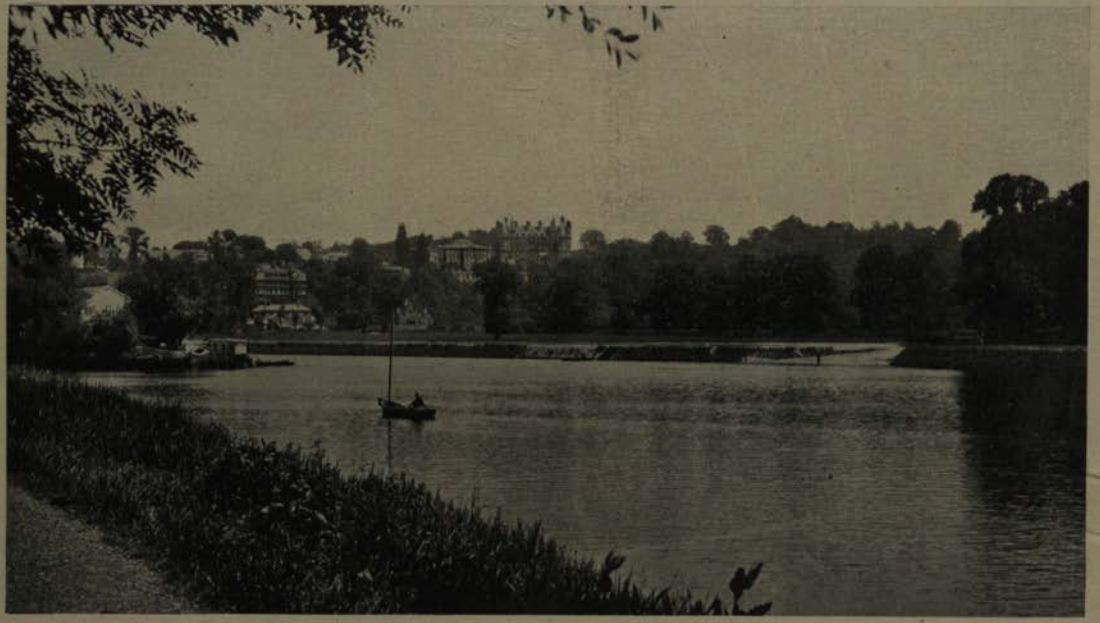
POPE'S VILLA, TWICKENHAM

halls were richly hung with tapestries, and its galleries were adorned with the portraits of the great statesmen of the time. A small room adjoining this gallery was the secret meeting place of the famous opposition ministry to Clarendon, known as the "Cabal," so-called from the initials of the five noblemen who formed it. The room is still called "The Cabal Chamber." Charles I is said to have hidden in Ham House while fleeing from Parliament.

Between Ham House and Twickenham Church across the river, picknickers revel betimes on what is called Eel Pie Island, so named because of its famous eel dinners which years ago lured London gourmets from their more conventional feasts in the city.

Richmond Hill

Having regard to all that has been said, sung, and writ of it, Richmond Hill must have been the seat of the muses in this green and gold domain of Thamesland. There are few English scenes which approach and none which surpass the panorama which one beholds from the terrace of this historic height. Days agone it was the favourite haunt of knights and fair ladies of the reigning court; the resort of



RICHMOND, FROM THE TOWPATH, TWICKENHAM

painters and of poets, statesmen weary of politics and distinguished soldiers home from crippling wars. Below these salubrious heights the river wound its way like a gray riband mirroring the English sky which Thomson so happily limned to our mental vision. Behind lay an immense area of trees and turf, Richmond Park, eight miles in extent, first enclosed by Charles I about 1638, then in 1649 given to the city of London; later, at the Restoration, it found its way back to the Crown, but practically to the possession and enjoyment of the British public. Pastoral loveliness on the left of the great hill, the old town on the right upon a lower level, the towers of Windsor in the distance, and the valley peopled with life and edifice, hourly altering its aspect all around. It is indeed an impressive sight by day or by night in any wind or weather.

Richmond, the Town

Richmond is an old town of about twenty thousand inhabitants, and Kew, its adjoining neighbour, a pretty village lying London way. They practically form one place, and that a compaginate part in the bewildering mosaic called London. Richmond is splendidly situated and has a well-deserved reputation for

healthfulness. It is so near the heart of London that thousands upon thousands visit its vicinity every fair Sunday, wander over its great park where large herds of deer abound, where the ash and copper beeches, the chestnut and the elm, and numberless other trees of great age afford shade for the hamper and the tea basket, the romp of children, and the comfort of a clean sward.

The View

The view from Richmond Hill and Terrace attracted the attention of Turner early in the nineteenth century, who painted a large picture of it which now hangs in the National Gallery, London. Sir Walter Scott was also enamoured of the beautiful scene and described it as unrivalled. It was here, with all this for her gaze to rest upon, that Queen Elizabeth died March 24, 1603, in a palace on the site of the present "Star and Garter Inn," of which no vestige now remains. Thomson, the poet who lived in Kew Foot Lane, was buried in Richmond Church June 29, 1748. Dean Swift resided for a time in Richmond that he might be near his friend Pope. Nicholas Brady here translated and versified the Psalms. That great actor, Edmund Kean, died and was buried here. He is commemorated in Rich-

mond Church by a medallion portrait, erected by his son in 1839. Kean died in the house adjoining Richmond Theatre, in May, 1833. Garrick superintended the construction of this theatre and George III was frequently its patron while living at Kew. That accomplished lady, Helen Faucit, made her début in this playhouse.

Richmond Park and Palace

Before the time of Henry VII Richmond was called "Sheen," from the German word meaning beautiful. When Henry VII rebuilt the palace which had been destroyed by fire in 1498, he named it "Richmond," after his own title of Earl of Richmond in Yorkshire. This was before he had conquered Richard III on Bosworth Field. The arms of Henry VII, though much decayed and almost obliterated, may still be distinguished over the great gate at the Richmond Hill entrance to the park. The King died in the palace, and Catherine, the first Queen of Henry VIII, gave birth to a son here. The manor was afterwards granted to Anne of Cleves on her voluntary divorce from Henry VIII. Queen Mary and her husband, Philip of Spain, frequently resided in the palace, and Elizabeth entertained the King of Sweden there

when he called to propose marriage. After the execution of Charles I, who while residing in the palace had laid the foundations of his art collections, Parliament sold the manor. On the Restoration, Charles II returned it to Henrietta Maria, the queen-mother, who

THE OLD PALACE, RICHMOND

leased it to Sir Edward Villiers. Soon thereafter the palace had become so dilapidated it was demolished.

Sion House

At Kew is the finest botanic garden in the world, containing an enormous palm house, a tropical house, a water-lily house, a temperate house, a Chinese pagoda, and several botanic museums.

Opposite Kew Gardens, which extend two miles along the river, you will observe old Sion House, which in 1414 was granted by Henry V as a convent to Bridgetine nuns. Henry VIII of course dissolved it and in its desecrated buildings imprisoned his unfortunate queen, Katherine Howard, while perfecting his plans for her judicial murder. The manor has had a vicissitous career, one time reverting to the crown in Queen Mary's reign because of the ambition of the Duke of Northumberland, its owner, whose son married Lady Jane Grey. After accepting the crown at Sion House, Lady Jane Grey was conducted as Queen to the Tower of London. There, instead of reigning, she was soon afterward beheaded.

Queen Mary restored the nunnery and endowed it with the manor and demesnes of Isleworth, and Elizabeth, following the example of her abominable father, again dissolved it, retaining the lands till 1604, when they were returned to the dukes of Northumberland. The present house was constructed soon afterward and though plain without has some rich interior details.

The ancient red brick palace at Kew was built in the reign of James I by a rich

gentleman who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, one Sir Hugh Portman. It is not much to look at from without and exceedingly plain within.

Kew

In 1781 it was purchased by George III, and became the favourite suburban residence of his queen, Charlotte, who died there. The gardens are very beautiful and originally formed part of the grounds of the royal palace, the exclusive property of the Crown. But Queen Victoria nationalised them, and they are now devoted to botanical research and the recreation of the public. The lawns of Kew will excite the admiration of every foreigner, for there are none like them abroad. English gardening is perfect in this magnificent experimental park, and the amateur and master in botanic investigation may alike find instruction and pleasure in this vast collection from all parts of the world.

Thomas Gainsborough

Kew Green is a quaint bit of turf near the gardens. It has a church in the yard of which lay the remains of the artist "Thomas Gainsborough, died August 2nd, 1788, aged 61 years." Gainsborough did not live at Kew; he resided for many years at Schomberg House, Pall Mall. Near his grave is that of Zoffany.

Chiswick Hogarth

Going aboard a steam launch to insure better navigation to the metropolis, we speed past Mortlake, a little place on the right bank in the south western district of London, celebrated in this day only for being the terminus of the annual boat race between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, but during Elizabeth's time for being the home of that practitioner of an exploded science, Dr. Dee, the astrologer, whom the Queen visited for the purpose of star gazing with the Earl of Leicester, then Master of the Horse. Then past Barnes, once the home of the poet Cowley, on the same side of the river, over to Chiswick on the opposite bank, home and burial place of Hogarth, the artist. Hogarth's tomb is in Chiswick Churchyard, an inscription noting his death in October, 1764, aged sixty-seven. Charles Fox died here September 13, 1806, and George Canning "put on immortality" here on August 8, 1827. In the graveyard of Chiswick Church lies the imperious Duchess of Cleveland; here repose the remains of Cromwell's daughter, Mary; and here is a monument to that famous printer, Charles Whittingham, whose skill made the Chiswick Press renowned throughout the world.

A little way beyond on the same shore is Hammersmith, and opposite on the Surrey side is Putney, where Gibbon, the historian, was born. At the Middlesex end of Putney Bridge stands Fulham Palace in the town of Fulham. We are now in dense London and the only unoccupied spaces on either shore are the public parks. So we steam along the widening river, passing under the bridges of Putney, Wandsworth, Battersea, Albert, and by the monument of Thomas Carlyle at Chelsea, near his home in Cheyne Row, then under Chelsea Bridge and the bridges of Vauxhall, Lambeth, Westminster, Charing Cross, Waterloo, Blackfriars, and Southwark to the modern representative of the most ancient of them all, London Bridge, where it is thought that Julius Cæsar made a bridge of boats. We are now in the city of London, the East Central district, that particular one square mile of land which was anciently enclosed by a wall and comprised the whole of what was then London. From there we might continue our course under the Tower Bridge and down the river, between the county of Kent on the right and Essex on the left, to the sea.

In coming along the river from Richmond,

we have passed buildings, shrines, localities, and monuments of great historic significance and of varied interest. Before dwelling upon those which stand upon the banks of the Thames it is desired to quote a vivid pen-picture of the city of London as it was in the early part of the seventeenth century from the pen of the late Sir Walter Besant, greatest of all authorities on London. It is written in the form of an interview with Stow,[1] the historian, and deserves unmixed occupation of the chapter which follows.

[1] "London," by Walter Besant, p. 366.

CHAPTER XXVI

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LONDON

London Early in the Seventeenth Century — An Interview with Stow, the Historian — The Water Poet, John Taylor — London in the Eighteenth Century — In the Days of Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds — Robert Southey's Old Manuscript — Sedan Chairs.

"It was nearly high-tide on the river, which spread itself out full and broad between the banks, reflecting the evening glow in the western sky. Numberless swans floated about the stream. It was also covered with boats. Some were state barges belonging to great people, with awnings and curtains, painted and gilt, filled with ladies who sang as the boat floated quietly with the current to the music of guitars. Others were the cockle shell of humble folk. Here was the prentice taking his sweetheart out upon the river for the freshness of the evening air; here the citizen with his wife and children in a wherry; here the tilt-boat with its load of passengers coming up

from Greenwich to Westminster. There were also the barges and lighters laden with hay, wool, and grain, waiting for the tide to turn in order to unload at Queenhithe or Billingsgate.

London in the Seventeenth Century

"'This,' said Stow, 'is the best place of any for a prospect of the city. Here we can count the spires and the towers. I know them every one. Look how Paul's rises above the houses. His walls are a hundred feet high. His tower that you see is near three hundred feet high; and his spire, which has been burned down these forty years, was two hundred feet more. Alas, that goodly spire! It is only from this bank that you can see the great houses along the river. There are the ruins of White Friars — there those of the Dominicans. Ruins were they not, but splendid buildings in the days of my youth. Baynard's Castle, the Steel Yard, Cold Harbour, the Bridge — there they stand. The famous city of Venice itself, I dare swear, cannot show so fair a prospect. See, now the sun lights up the windows of Nonesuch on the Bridge, see how the noble structure is reflected in the water below. Good sir,' he turned to me with glowing face and eyes

aflame with enthusiasm, 'there is no other city in the whole world, believe me, which may compare with this noble city of London, of which glory to God! I have been permitted to become the humble historian.'

"We took boat at Falcon Stairs — Stow told me there were two thousand boats and three thousand watermen on the river — and we returned to Queenhithe, the watermen shouting jokes and throwing strong words at each other, which seems to be their custom. By the time we landed the sun had gone down. Work for the day was over and the streets were thronged with people."

> But, noble Thames, whilst I can hold a pen,
> I will divulge thy glory unto men.
> Thou in the morning, when my corn is scant,
> Before the evening dost supply my want.

This was written by the water poet, John Taylor (*circa* 1580–1654). The river was the most convenient and the most rapid road from one end of London to the other, at a time when the roads were miry and full of holes and when there were no coaches. And long after coaches became numerous the watermen continued to flourish. There were only two bridges over the river. It

was pleasant and quiet on the water save for the quarrels and the cursing of the watermen. The air was fresh; the view of the city noble. The river was often alive with barges and pleasure boats decorated with banners and streamers of silk. Flocks of swans swam about. In the eighteenth century the watermen had not ceased to sing as they rowed. Little wonder that the citizens preferred the river to their muddy lanes and noisy streets.

London in the Eighteenth Century

From another book by Sir Walter Besant, entitled "London in the Eighteenth Century," which most unfortunately the author did not live to complete, the following sentences are extracted:

"Among the many unpleasantnesses of the streets in the eighteenth century were the absence of all lights in many thoroughfares, the prevalence of mad dogs, the hordes of bullocks, and the projecting doorsteps. The filth of the streets was disgusting and pestilential. Overhead hovered a bird which has long since become extinct in London, the carrion kite.

"But the dirt of the streets was not their worst feature. The noise in them was appal-

ling. Every shopkeeper kept a man outside bawling 'Buy! buy! buy!' the carts and vehicles rattled over cobble stones; a thousand itinerant vendors howled their unnecessary wares.

"Through all this hullabaloo walked strange figures, men in satin coats whose evening dress alone cost them £900 a year, and who carried clouded canes and took snuff with a mincing air.

"It was a common practice for bakers and milkmen to keep tally on their customers' door posts with chalk!"

Robert Southey's Old Manuscript

Such was the London of Fielding and Smollett, of Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, and Sir Joshua Reynolds! Admirably corroborative of the accuracy of Sir Walter Besant's imaginary picture is the following piece of doggerel written in 1748, from a collection of old manuscripts formed by Robert Southey, the poet, which was certainly never read by Besant.

Houses, churches, mixt together;
Streets crammed full in every weather;
Prisons, palaces contiguous!
Gates; a bridge; the Thames, irriguous;
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye;
Outsides showy, insides empty;

Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts;
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid;
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, footmen;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians;
Noble, simple, all conditions;
Worth beneath a threadbare cover,
Villainy bedaubed all over;
Women, black, fair, red and gray,
Prudes, and such as never pray;
Many a bargain if you strike it —
This is London, how d'ye like it?

By *footmen* in these lines is meant the men who carried people about the town in Sedan chairs. In the literature of the period they are sometimes also called *chairmen*. In Windsor Castle are preserved two fine specimens of the Sedan chair, made for George III and his queen. Sedan chairs were in general use in England in the eighteenth century. They originated in France, at Sedan; hence the name.

CHAPTER XXVII

MODERN LONDON

The Heart of Anglo-Saxondom — Its Million Houses — Five Million People — Its Vast Area — Its Persistent Growth — Its Mysterious Fascination — Its Heights — Its Abyss.

London! The heart not only of England nor indeed only of the great British Empire, but of all Anglo-Saxondom — in sooth a very marvellous city, old as the once virile race which created it, and beyond comparison larger, wealthier, more influential, richer in every sort of human interest, than any other city in the round world.

No other city links the past with the present as London does. We gaze upon its historic Tower, in turn fortress, palace, prison, and museum — venerated as an ancient pile in the dark days called the Middle Ages, and averting our gaze for a moment, see the Tower Bridge, a grand example of modern engineering skill, which almost touches it. London has numerous and splendid parks, hundreds of stately mansions (some of them, such as

Stafford House and Grosvenor House of unsurpassed magnificence), thousands of well-appointed houses, and hundreds of thousands of mean houses.[1] Irregular in shape and continually expanding, no one can say precisely where the London of to-day begins or ends. An Irishman once said of it that it begins anywhere and ends nowhere, and much may be said in defence of this description. Of the scores of towns, villages, hamlets, and parishes, which in earlier times were contiguous to or within twelve miles of the City of London proper, it now includes nearly all in its so-called Metropolitan Area. To arbitrarily define its boundaries is impossible. The Corporation of the City of London (an ancient institution) was, as its name implies, once the governing body of all London, with a clearly defined area of jurisdiction. That area is about a square mile in extent. The London County Council (a modern creation) is the governing body of that part of London which lies outside the Corporation's limits, an area of about three hundred miles! Disregarding the public parks, dedicated forever to the use of the people, if we insert one point of the compasses where the

[1] Nearly one million in the metropolitan area.

Nelson monument stands in Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross (a spot as well known to foreigners as any in London, and as nearly as possible central), and having opened the compasses twelve miles, proceed to describe a circle, we shall enclose *very little country* and that little a constantly and rapidly diminishing domain.

No social phenomenon is more difficult to account for than the growth of London, except perhaps and to a small degree only, on the hypothesis heretofore referred to in these pages and deplored; namely, that England's fields are being abandoned for the fret and fever of this burly city by the Thames. The severe trade depression which England has from time to time experienced, as well as the exhaustive wars in which she has been engaged, have never appreciably retarded London's growth. Suffice it to say that one of the most enduring impressions upon the mind of the stranger who resides in London a few weeks or a few years is the immensity of the place, its ponderous momentum and the infinite phases and complexity of its vast life. Our imaginary circle shuts in upwards of five millions of souls, a population half as great as that of all England at the time she

conquered India and successfully resisted the power of Napoleon I.

It is not, however, in its great size that we find the fascination of London. London might be ten times larger than it is, and yet be a very dull place. But in its public buildings, its museums, art collections, treasures, theatres, the peculiarity of its municipal system and order, the physical aspect of its ancient growth and movement, and more than all, in its countless associations with the chief events in the history of the race of which the Americans are a part, and in that grand literature wherein they find their classics, and which is as much the inheritance of Americans as of the English themselves, we find inexhaustible material to interest us. Dickens was the most human of all novelists and his works are more read by Americans than those of any other English writer, yet the American who has not intelligently wandered about London, has not got, and in the nature of things could not possibly get, however keen his intellect, all the delight out of them which they contain. With one exception, the London houses in which Dickens lived and wrote stand unaltered; I have spent many pleasant hours in their vicinity.

Historic Fleet Street, headquarters of Newspaperdom, a thoroughfare of ceaseless, roaring traffic, alert, scrambling to be up-to-date, as the British understand that condition to be, in constant touch with the uttermost ends of the earth, is all twentieth century now, quite unlike what it was in Dr. Johnson's days, or when Benjamin Franklin one morning walked up and down it waiting for its shops to open. We step aside from it a few yards, walk quietly through a few musty and mysterious passages, pass beneath an old iron gate near a drowsy porter in his lodge, across an open court where one's footstep echoes with hollow sound, through an arch or two and a span of cloisters where wig makers to the Bench and Bar ply their old-world trade, and behold! there is the Temple, and near by it exposed — unrailed and unsodded — to the idle trespass of dog and cat and London pigeon, is the simple grave of dear, delightful Oliver Goldsmith, in a spot so quiet, so obscure it might be the niche of a vault in a provincial cathedral.

Near by, also within the precincts of the Temple, is the house wherein Charles Lamb was born. A short walk brings us to a fountain familiar to all readers of "Martin

Chuzzlewit" who retain a kindly recollection (and who does not?) of honest Tom Pinch.

In this huge city the West is the seat of wealth, learning, and fashion; the East a vast area black with factories and interminable streets of depressingly squalid aspect, stretching away to a series of immense docks crowded with ships of all nations, the city of London proper (ancient London) lying between the two. On the one hand the Heights — where the rich bask in the shine of their flood of gold, where the sun lingers long before the night begins to blaze for the indolent and the idle; on the other the Abyss — that seething, stifling pit of the lean and the hungry, where throat is pitted against throat, amidst conditions inconceivably mean, where life though rancid, still deems itself worth while, where the sun quits early and the night benignly hides the rude, bleak gloom of it all.

Of London streets, their number, length, historic and romantic interest, there is no end. To be sure the city's records indicate seven thousand five hundred miles of paved roadways to be maintained in repair, which is a greater street mileage than exists or ever existed in any other city in the world. It is a great maze of highways and byways, roads,

GOLDSMITH'S GRAVE, MIDDLE TEMPLE, LONDON

lanes, and alleys, avenues of ingress and egress, of trade and traffic, fine shows and social squalor. Pedestrianism is futile in so vast a network, and it would seem that Government itself were incompetent to cleanse and order such a confusion of streets for society's daily use. And yet London streets, considered in relation to the traffic they sustain and the material of which they are made, are the cleanest roadways of any city on either continent, one fourth London's size. The author has run footloose over nearly all the United States, Canada, and Europe. He would know a London street by its odour, its individual character, and its indefinable flavour if he came upon it in the dark of reality or dreamland, on any pilgrimage in rain or shine. There is no other street like it, except perhaps within the purlieus of old Boston in Massachusetts. Its mysterious composition of sounds and odours and humid suggestion of clean decay, carbolised municipal scouring, ammoniated relationship with the animal which Britons love, and drive more skilfully and humanely than any horsemen in the world, these are all unmistakable proclamation of a London street to him who has fallen victim of its

peculiar charm. That it is the cleanest street in the world is one of the wonders of Europe. That the air above it is over-freighted with filth is a condition which the city's size, its unsuppressed smoke nuisance, and the country's climate will probably maintain even to an aggravated degree as long as the seething metropolis expands and intensifies its febrile civilisation. But these are material considerations and not entirely in tune with the pleasures of England which I desire to suggest to the wanderer in Thamesland.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FROM LONDON TO THE SEA

Lambeth Palace — Sir Arthur Sullivan — Westminster — The Houses of Parliament — Westminster Bridge — St. Margaret's Church—The Strand—Westminster Abbey, a triumph of ecclesiastical art — Westminster Hall, where Charles I and Warren Hastings were tried — "Big Ben," the Parliament Clock — Victoria Embankment — Whitehall Court — National Liberal Club — Cleopatra's Needle — The "Cecil" and "Savoy" — Waterloo Bridge — Somerset House — The Temple — Charles Lamb and Oliver Goldsmith — The War of the Roses — Temple Church — Sion College — Blackfriars Bridge — Henry VIII and Katharine of Arragon — St. Paul's Cathedral — Sir Christopher Wren — Nelson and Wellington — London Bridge, A.D. 944 — Billingsgate — The Tower of London — Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard — Sir Walter Raleigh — The Beefeaters — Tower Bridge — The Pool — The Docks — Greenwich, The Hospital, The National Observatory — Tilbury — Gravesend — Nore Light.

The dominant fact concerning the Thames, dwarfing its natural beauty and unrivalled historical associations, is that London stands upon its shores — majestic London, that world within a world. There exists no place with which to compare it; and he who essays

to present merely a superficial account of its aspect must be prepared to write many volumes, so vast and burdened with the story of the past is London.

Lambeth Palace

It is obvious that in following the course of the Thames as it flows through London, no more than a fraction of the great city is seen. It is, however, an important fraction. As we pass under Lambeth Bridge, on our right stands Lambeth Palace, the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury; an ancient structure of dull red brick, containing a splendid library rich in theological works. Not many yards from the palace is the great faïence factory of Messrs. Doulton, a modern structure which necessitated the destruction of many old houses, one house, the birthplace of Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer, being spared. It is a typical bit of London, hereabout, with its ecclesiastical palace dating from the twelfth century, its busy factory crowded with workers, and its immense hospital (St. Thomas's), consisting of eight separate buildings, arranged so that each may be isolated, except upon the river front, should an outbreak of infectious disease occur.

Houses of Parliament

Looking across the river from the Albert Embankment where these buildings stand, we obtain the best view of the Houses of Parliament on the opposite bank. This magnificent Gothic pile stands close to the water's edge and is in the ancient city of Westminster. Foreigners are not expected to understand this. That one city should be within another city strikes one as absurd, but the explanation is simple. For centuries Westminster was a distinct city, but London, the insatiable, long ago reached to it, spread out all around it, and absorbed it utterly.

Just by the Houses of Parliament the river is spanned by Westminster Bridge, which is generally thought to be the finest of the Thames bridges. Passing over this bridge from the Surrey to the Middlesex side we come upon the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. They are on our left, scarce a stone's throw apart, and St. Margaret's Church (a place of great interest, where Sir Walter Raleigh lies buried and Milton the poet, was married) is near to both. On the right is Parliament Street, with its government offices, leading toward Charing

Westminster Abbey

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FROM THE RIVER

Cross and the Strand, the latter so called because many centuries ago it was really what its name implies, the *strand*, or bank, of the Thames. The function of the Strand is changed now. It is one of the busiest thoroughfares in London, well known to foreigners for the variety of its shops, its theatres, and its two colossal hotels, the "Cecil" and the "Savoy."

It seems almost sacrilege to allude so briefly as is done here to Westminster Abbey, that supreme triumph of ecclesiastical art. But what can the pleasure-seeking voyager along the Thames say that is worth reading of a building which is the expression of eight centuries of national life; where all England's kings, from Edward the Confessor to Edward VII have been crowned; and whose venerable walls shelter the ashes of more than a thousand Englishmen, distinguished in every field of thought and action? Go and see it.

In purely historical interest Westminster Hall is second only to Westminster Abbey. It adjoins the Houses of Parliament and is the largest hall in the world except one, unsupported by pillars. The principal law courts were held in it from 1224 to 1882, and it has been the scene of many important

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FROM WESTMINSTER

state trials, among which may be mentioned those of Charles I and Warren Hastings. The roof is a magnificent specimen of the wood-carver's art, in a wonderfully good state of preservation notwithstanding its five centuries of age and the attempt of a miscreant to wreck it with dynamite in 1885.

On a clear, bright day, when one is located at that particular part of the Thames to which we last referred — the immense river front of the Houses of Parliament with their eleven hundred apartments, eleven courts, one hundred staircases, and thirteen-ton clock, surmounting a three hundred and eighteen-foot tower, on the left, and Lambeth Palace and St. Thomas's Hospital on the right — there is an instinctive feeling that we shall quit a region of architectural beauty and enter upon a highway wholly given up to the realities of present day commerce the moment we pass under Westminster Bridge. But such is not really the case. True, the south bank from this point is occupied by commercial wharves; but along the north bank, called the Victoria Embankment, much of interest is to be found. The Victoria Embankment is one and a quarter miles long, a massive river wall of white stone,

Victoria Embankment

THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT

broken by occasional piers ornamented with bronze lions' heads. It is eighty-four feet wide and below it are three sets of tunnels. Planted with trees and with some tastefully planned gardens on the inland side, the Victoria Embankment is as fine a promenade as can be found anywhere in England. Along this embankment are the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police, a modern structure designed by Mr. Norman Shaw; Whitehall Court, a huge block of palatial flats, much affected by members of Parliament; the National Liberal Club; Cleopatra's Needle with Sphinxes round its base; the terraced river fronts of the gigantic "Cecil" and "Savoy"[1] hotels; and (after Waterloo Bridge is passed) Somerset House. This building was erected in 1776 from a design by Sir William Chambers. It occupies the site of a palace partly built by the Protector Somerset, who was beheaded on Tower Hill, much to the satisfaction of London's citizens, many of whose churches he had despoiled to save the expense of buying

Somerset House

[1] The Savoy Hotel stands upon the site of an ancient palace built in 1245 by Simon de Montfort, and given by Henry III to Peter, Count Savoy. In this palace Chaucer wrote, and King John of France died. Shakespeare lays one of the scenes of his "Richard III" in a room of the Savoy.

stone. The present building is in the Venetian style, enriched with columns, pilasters, and pediments. It covers twelve acres of ground and has a length of eight hundred feet on the Thames side. The terrace is fifty feet wide; it rests upon a massive rustic arcade which rises fifty feet above the bed of the river, and has a central water gate surmounted by a colossal mask of the river Thames. For many years Somerset House has been used as Government offices (Inland Revenue, Legacy Duty, &c.).

Waterloo Bridge

Waterloo Bridge consists of nine broad arches, each one hundred and twenty feet in span and thirty-five feet high. It is the work of the celebrated Sir John Rennie, and was first opened for traffic in 1816. It was intended to call it Adelphi Bridge, after the fine terrace of that name near by (where David Garrick died in 1779); but the greatest of the many battles between the British and French occurring a few months before its completion, it was determined that the bridge should be known as Waterloo.

And right here let me remark that in travelling up and down Great Britain a knowledge of British history often proves useful in unexpected ways. Roads and streets being

invariably distinguished by names, these names are commonly derived from some historic event, or celebrated person who has dwelt there or thereabout. It becomes easy, therefore, to arrive at an approximate date for the creation of many thoroughfares and places. For example: Trafalgar Square was planned and laid out subsequent to 1805, the year in which the battle of Trafalgar was fought; Waterloo Bridge and Waterloo Place (Pall Mall) are both more recent than 1815, when the battle of Waterloo was fought; &c. Regent's Park and Regent Street were planned during the last few years of the reign of George III, while his son, the Prince of Wales (afterward George IV), was regent. British defeats are not commemorated by English street nomenclature. There is a Cornhill in London and a Bread Street Hill, close by where Milton, the poet, was born; but a pilgrimage through the vast metropolis, and careful reference to the *Post-Office London Directory*, has failed to reveal a Bunker Hill.

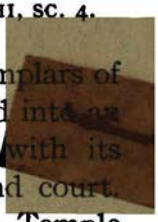
The Temple

The Temple (to which reference has already been made when speaking of the tomb of Oliver Goldsmith and of the birthplace of Charles Lamb) lies between the Victoria

LONDON BRIDGE IN THE YEAR 1647

Embankment and Fleet Street. The Temple Gardens look very peaceful and inviting when viewed from the river, conveying no hint of the ceaseless turmoil prevailing just beyond. It was in these gardens, according to Shakespeare, that the partisans of the rival houses of York and Lancaster plucked the white and red roses which they respectively adopted as badges of their cause.

> This brawl to-day
> Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden
> Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
> A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
> — HENRY VI, PART I, ACT II, SC. 4.



Originally a lodge of the Knights Templars of Jerusalem, the Temple is now divided into an Inner and a Middle Temple, each with its hall, library, garden, quadrangle, and court. The hall belonging to the Middle Temple boasts the finest open-work ceiling in oak in the country. The Temple Church, consisting of the round church and the choir, contains monuments of nine templars of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The whole place is literally steeped in interesting associations, historical and literary. But there is hardly time for a passing thought of these things as

one speeds along the river toward the city of London proper, that central speck of which mighty modern London is the outgrowth.

Passing Sion College (which houses sixty-six thousand books, all of them theological) and the City of London School, our craft shoots under Blackfriars Bridge, a fine structure, named after a monastery of Black or Dominican friars which formerly stood near by where Henry VIII's divorce from Katharine of Arragon was decided, and the overthrow of Cardinal Wolsey determined upon. The Victoria Embankment ends here and commercial wharves now occupy both sides of the river. Huge warehouses of dull brick, with projecting cranes, loading and unloading the multitudinous barges that line the river's margin, succeed one another with depressing monotony, relieved, however, by looking a little inland on the left bank where the stately dome and cross of St. Paul's Cathedral stands up grandly three hundred and sixty-five feet from the ground.

St. Paul's Cathedral

There again, in St. Paul's Cathedral, is a subject for a volume. It must be mentioned in this place, for it is one of the most conspicuous objects seen from this part of the Thames, though it

is somewhat removed from the shore. It was designed by Sir Christopher Wren and its plan is that of a Latin cross. From east to west it measures five hundred feet, from north to south two hundred and fifty feet. Wren lived to be ninety years old, and lies buried within the walls of his masterpiece. He began his great work in 1675 and spent thirty-five years upon it. Westminster Abbey has long been full of the bones of England's honoured sons, and now not even the supremely great may regard it as their final resting place. The recent burial there of Sir Henry Irving astonished, no less than it pleased, the English-speaking people. St. Paul's Cathedral is the successor of Westminster Abbey in this respect. The remains of Nelson and Wellington repose here, and many another who has helped, each in his way, to make England great.

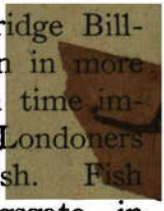
London Bridge

On seeing London Bridge for the first time one generally experiences a chill of disappointment. It is not beautiful, it is not very old. It is invariably crowded with pedestrians and vehicles to a most uncomfortable extent — so much so that it has recently become necessary to widen it by brackets on each side to

LONDON BRIDGE 1760 TO 1831, ETCHED BY EDW. C. COOKE

accommodate the foot passengers, thus devoting the whole of the original bridge to the wheeled traffic. The present London Bridge only dates from 1831; but it is the last of a series of bridges at this spot. The first London Bridge was of wood, built in the year 944; it lasted till 1176 when it was replaced by a stone bridge adorned with "sumptuous buildings and statelie and beautiful houses on either syde," and a gatehouse leading to the bridge, upon which the heads of traitors, and many innocent people branded with that name (among them Sir Thomas More), were exposed.

Immediately beyond London Bridge Billingsgate makes its presence known in more ways than one — Billingsgate from time immemorial the market whence Londoners have obtained their supply of fish. Fish is brought to Billingsgate in immense quantities by smacks from the North Sea and Holland. These smacks are unloaded and their contents sold to retail traders in the early morning, amid an indescribable scene of confusion, of which a stranger can make out nothing but fish, struggling men, a deafening din, and strange oaths. In England,



Billingsgate

LONDON BRIDGE, 1906

language which is supposed to achieve the utmost limit of blackguardism is called "billingsgate," but without a capital initial. By mid-day the curtain is rung down on this pandemonium, and until morning dawns again there is no quieter spot in all the city than Billingsgate.

About half a mile below London Bridge, situated upon rising ground on the left bank, the Tower of London shows forth grimly. It consists of a series of buildings of various dates, but all of them ancient, covering more than thirteen acres of ground, of which the most conspicuous is the White Tower, a quadrangular keep ninety feet high, battlemented, with a turret at each corner. The statement frequently made that the Tower of London was founded by Julius Cæsar is regarded by the best authorities as a fable. Its earliest proved date is 1077. To inspect and properly appreciate the Tower of London implies an intimate acquaintance with the history of England, or rather England's rulers. In turn fortress, palace, prison, and museum, it has been the scene of atrocious crimes, where many of the wisest and best of England's sons and daughters have suffered

The Tower of London

THE TOWER BRIDGE, LONDON

imprisonment and judicial murder. Two of Henry VIII's queens (Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard) were beheaded here, and buried in the little chapel of St. Peter Ad Vincula within the Tower, as were also Lady Jane Grey and her husband. The tower in which the two infant princes were smothered by order of their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III), is very appropriately known as the Bloody Tower. In the prison rooms of the Beauchamp Tower are many inscriptions (signatures, mottoes, and dates) carved on the stone walls by distinguished prisoners centuries ago, and provide abiding proof of what torture enforced idleness must be. The room where Sir Walter Raleigh passed the last thirteen years of his life and in which he wrote his "History of the World" is very small and almost dark. If a modern London burglar were confined for thirteen days in such a place, what a shriek would ascend from the humanitarians of England! Other times, other manners. There are no prisons in the Tower of London to-day. It is filled with historical relics, the block and axe, thumbscrews, racks, and other devices for torture worthy of the ingenuity of Satan;

arms and armour of every date; and the state jewels, called the Regalia. The place is guarded by a quaintly-garbed corps of "Beefeaters," or Yeomen of the Guard, made familiar to the world by one of Sir Arthur Sullivan's operas.

Our party breathed a sigh of relief as we emerged from this terrible Tower, and Russell remarked that he thought Sir Walter Raleigh must also have rejoiced when he quitted it, though it was to have his head struck off before an ignorant and brutal crowd. Passing under the huge Tower Bridge we entered the Pool, as that section of the Thames between here and Wapping is called. The river here widens somewhat and is crowded with every sort of a craft, but a clear waterway two hundred feet wide is insisted upon by the river authority.

Trending seaward down the river we come upon a series of docks, which in area and volume of business exceed anything of the kind to be found elsewhere in the world. We have done with England the beautiful and peaceful, and have come to England the powerful and industrious. Ships of every sort and size, laden with every conceivable commodity, from or for every port, abound.

There appears to be no limit to their number. They arrive or depart in fleets with every tide. It seems as though all the nations had conspired to send all their produce here, and

THE GRAVE OF ROSSETTI, BIRCHINGTON

that the entire race of Englishmen were devoting their energies to storing it away in half-mile long warehouses. There are seven principal docks named, respectively, (1) the East and West India, (2) London, (3) Millwall, (4) Regent's Canal, (5) St. Katherine's, (6) Surrey, (7) Victoria and Albert. They afford employment, directly and indirectly, to hundreds of thousands.

London Docks

Greenwich

Away on the left bank stretches the large and dreary region known as the East End of London, where toil and squalor go hand in hand, and the fierce struggle for existence is waged relentlessly between the native and the alien. Greenwich, on the right bank, peeps forth like an oasis in a desert, delighting the eye with its fine park and hospital, the latter a grand building designed in part by Wren, architect of St. Paul's. Though called a hospital it is really a naval museum, open to the public, containing many interesting relics, such as the coat and waistcoat worn by Nelson when he received his fatal wound at Trafalgar, models of famous ships, etc. On a hill in Greenwich Park stands the national Observatory which dates from 1675. The meridian adopted by all nations takes its name from this place.

Past Greenwich, low marshy land on either bank affords little of interest for several miles until Tilbury, on the left shore, is reached, where there is an enormous deep water dock (there are twenty-six feet of water at the lowest tides) used by steamers of the largest size. It was at Tilbury that Queen Elizabeth reviewed her troops at a time when England

was threatened with invasion by Spain, and made them this speech: "I know," said the Queen, "I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king — and of a king of England, too; and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the border of my realm, to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns, and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you."

Mouth of the Thames

Opposite Tilbury, on the right or Kentish shore, lies the small town of Gravesend, where foreign-going ships take pilots aboard, and home-coming ships Custom House officers. Gravesend offers nothing of interest to detain the stranger; and we were soon upon our voyage again, speeding down the river between low-lying marshy banks until we had navigated the Thames and were at the Nore lightship in the open sea.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL, FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING BY HAVELL

CHAPTER XXIX

IN CONCLUSION

The Pleasure-Path through Thamesland — Sir Walter Besant's great Task — Appreciations of Thackeray, Browning, Wordsworth — Sundown in Hyde Park.

In the preceding chapters a feeble attempt has been made to appreciate the beauties and interest of Thamesland between Cricklade and the sea. A few of those beauties only have been lightly limned to the vision of the reader. Where the writer has spent hours, people of leisure with a love of nature and its ancient monuments, might profitably linger for many days. Upon objects on which a word has been bestowed, pages might be written. But enough has been briefly etched to afford the rambler pleasurable understanding of the pictures which have charmed the writer these several years. Thamesland is a region of delight, a realm of vast interest, the domain of those rural sports and pastimes which characterise the best phase of English life. Foreign

visitors flock to it in great numbers. Whatever else they fail to visit, they always travel through Thamesland upon a natural tide of transit and of summer pleasures. Of course, everybody understands that Thamesland is dominated by London, the greatest city ever built by man. London is indescribable except to him who after a sojourn of fifteen minutes proceeds to write a book about it. Sir Walter Besant, its ablest and most industrious historiographer, worked at the task for thirty-two years and died leaving it incomplete. A city with ninety-one public parks, two hundred and seventy-six railway stations, three hundred and fifty places of public entertainment, with accommodation for two hundred and eighty thousand persons; sixteen thousand police, streets numbered by the thousand and in them buildings as important as the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, St. Paul's Cathedral, the British Museum, Victoria and Albert Museum, palaces, club houses, picture galleries, etc., is emphatically a place not to be comprehended before breakfast. It is the world's profoundest pile of ponderous profundities, Russell declared one night in a fog known as a "London particular." Not only is London

appalling in its extent, its antiquity is such that no street can be found in it of which something of interest has not been recorded. So long ago as the Norman Conquest (1066) London contained more than thirty thousand inhabitants, and its growth has all along been steady and rapid, the great fire in 1666, following a decimating plague, imposing only a temporary check, though foreign observers at the time regarded its glory as departed forever. At present its population is nearly twice as great as that of Paris, and greater than that of Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg combined, while it exceeds that of the whole of Switzerland.

Thackeray thought that the views in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens were the finest in London. Robert Browning said: "One part of London always affects me with peculiar pleasure. It is a view from one of the bridges in Maida Vale, so singularly does it remind one of Venice." For my part, I agree with Wordsworth, that the finest view is that which first greeted me on my arrival in the great burly city, obtainable from Westminster Bridge, embracing the noble Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, the embankment, with Somerset House, Cleopatra's Needle, and the great hotels.

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All night and glittering in the smokeless air
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

This delightful sonnet was written by Wordsworth seated on the outside of the Dover coach while crossing Westminster Bridge at four o'clock in the morning. The river was not then embanked, and several fine buildings now seen from that point had not been built.

There is an evening view in Hyde Park which, by its effulgent mystery, has often cast its weird spell upon me. It is obtained at the hour of seven in summer, by gazing south-east from the north shore of the Serpentine at a point about seventy yards west of the picturesque little bridge which marks the eastern end of the lake. On the right

the sun sinks into the night, its gold and magenta glow casting a strange sheen upon the water from which a light blue mist arises. Wild fowl are at their evening flight; a thousand park lamps bejewel the darkening pools; beyond it all, cityward, the hazy outlines of turreted Knightsbridge rise weirdly in the fast dissolving distance. How often have my eyes been flooded with this entrancing scene! It is a picture unlike any other in Europe. May its loveliness long arrest the sense of those who have sauntered by unconscious of its distinctive charm.

London does not specially belong to Englishmen. It is the queen of all cities, the greatest municipality the world has ever known. It is a monument to the dominant powers which reside in the Anglo-Saxon race, the just pride of the English people; a people whose glory cannot be adequately acknowledged by word or memorial.

RULE OF THE ROAD ON THE THAMES

Quite unlike the unsettled rules of personal conduct on the roads and rivers elsewhere, are the courtesies which have long prevailed on the highways and byways of England. The universal application of unwritten laws, the innate politeness, and the deliberate orderliness of the English at play, have established what may be termed the rule of the road on English rivers.

The *Rowing Almanack* has formulated the following code:

It is the usual practice on the river for a pair-oar to give way to a four-oar, and for a four-oar to give way to an eight-oar, more, perhaps, as a matter of courtesy than from any strict right, for there is no rule compelling such action.

1. A rowboat going against the stream or tide should take the shore or bank — which bank is immaterial — and should keep inside all boats meeting it.

2. A rowboat going with the stream or tide should take a course in mid-river, and should keep outside all boats meeting it.

3. A rowboat overtaking another boat proceeding in the same direction, should keep clear of the boat it overtakes, which should maintain its course.

4. A rowboat meeting another end-on, in still or open waters or lakes, should keep on the right, as in walking, leaving the boat passed on the port or left side.

5. A rowboat with a coxswain should give way to a boat without a coxswain, subject to the foregoing rules in so far as they apply.

6. A boat towing with stream or tide should give way to a boat towing against it; and if it become necessary to unship or drop a tow-line, the former should give way to the latter; but when a barge towing is passed by a pleasure boat towing, the latter should give way and go outside, as a small boat is the easier of the two to manage; in addition to which, the river is the barge's highway.

7. A rowboat must give way to a sailing-boat.

8. When a rowboat and a steamer pass each other, their actions should, as a rule, be governed by the same principle as on two rowboats passing; but in shallow waters the great draught of the steam vessel should be remembered, and the rowboat give way to her.

THE LOCKS ON THE THAMES

There are thirty-two locks below and five above Oxford. They are located in the following order between Richmond and Cricklade.

Below Oxford:

Teddington, Moulsey (or Molesey), Sunbury, Shepperton, Chertsey, Penton Hook, Bell Weir Lock,

Old Windsor Lock, Romney, Boveney, Bray, Boulters, Cookham, Marlow, Temple, Hurley, Hambledon, Marsh, Shiplake, Sonning, Caversham, Mapledurham, Whitchurch, Goring, Cleeve, Benson, Day's, Clifton, Culham, Abingdon, Sandford, Iffley.

Above Oxford:

Godstow, Pinkhill, Rushy, Buscot, St. John's.

TABLE OF DISTANCES ON THE THAMES

	Miles.	F.	Yds.
Thames Head to Cricklade	11	6	2
Seven Springs	20	4	0

ABOVE OXFORD

Cricklade to Oxford	43	7	2
Water Eaton Bridge to Oxford	41	7	152
Castle Eaton Bridge to Oxford	39	3	44
Kempsford to Oxford	37	7	0
Rannington Bridge to Oxford	36	5	88
Inglesham Round House to Oxford	33	2	0
Lechlade Bridge to Oxford.	32	4	88
St. John's to Oxford	31	7	0
Buscot Lock to Oxford	30	5	170
Hart's Weir to Oxford	29	3	20
Radcot Bridge to Oxford	26	2	100
Rushy Lock to Oxford	23	0	110
Tadpole Bridge to Oxford	22	1	54
Tenfoot Bridge to Oxford	20	3	0
Duxford Ferry to Oxford	18	4	59
New Bridge to Oxford	15	1	166
Ridge's Weir to Oxford	14	0	104
Bablock Hythe Ferry to Oxford	11	4	34
Skinner's Weir to Oxford	9	7	0
Eynsham Bridge to Oxford	7	2	193
King's Weir to Oxford	4	4	132
Medley Weir to Oxford.	1	7	36
Osney Lock to Oxford		7	00

OXFORD TO PUTNEY

	Miles.	F.	Yds.
Oxford Bridge to Putney Bridge	104	3	66
Iffley Lock to Putney Bridge	102	7	136
Rose Island to Putney Bridge	102	1	12
Sandford Lock to Putney Bridge	101	2	66
Nuneham Bridge to Putney Bridge	98	4	126
Abingdon Lock to Putney Bridge	96	5	66
Culham Lock to Putney Bridge	94	1	75
Appleford Railway Bridge to Putney Bridge	92	6	219
Clifton Lock to Putney Bridge	91	2	165
Day's Lock to Putney Bridge	88	2	205
Junction of River Thame to Putney Bridge	87	4	25
Shillingford Bridge to Putney Bridge	85	5	5
Benson Lock to Putney Bridge	84	2	195
Wallingford Bridge to Putney Bridge	83	0	195
Nuneham Ferry to Putney Bridge	82	4	125
Stoke Ferry to Putney Bridge	80	3	125
Moulsford Ferry to Putney Bridge	79	1	15
Cleeve Lock to Putney Bridge	77	6	157
Goring Lock to Putney Bridge	77	1	157
Gate Hampton Ferry to Putney Bridge	75	5	30
Whitchurch Lock to Putney Bridge	73	0	217
Maple-Durham Lock to Putney Bridge	70	6	147
Caversham Lock to Putney Bridge	66	3	116
River Kennet's Mouth to Putney Bridge	65	5	216
Sonning Lock to Putney Bridge	63	6	188
Shiplake Lock to Putney Bridge	61	0	62
Boulney Ferry to Putney Bridge	58	7	200
Marsh Lock to Putney Bridge	58	4	122
Henley Bridge to Putney Bridge	57	4	13
Hambledon Lock to Putney Bridge	55	1	198
Medmenham Ferry to Putney Bridge	53	1	132
Hurley Lock to Putney Bridge	51	4	184
Temple Lock to Putney Bridge	50	7	161
Marlow Bridge to Putney Bridge	49	3	180
Spade Oak Ferry to Putney Bridge	47	1	88
Cookham Bridge to Putney Bridge	45	4	22

	Miles.	F.	Yds.
Cliveden Ferry to Putney Bridge	44	4	88
Boulter's Lock to Putney Bridge	43	0	130
Maidenhead Bridge to Putney Bridge	42	3	60
Bray Lock to Putney Bridge	40	7	128
Monkey Island to Putney Bridge	40	3	0
Boveney Lock to Putney Bridge	37	6	0
Windsor Bridge to Putney Bridge	35	6	130
Romney Lock to Putney Bridge	35	3	34
Old Windsor Lock to Putney Bridge	32	3	0
Magna Charta Island to Putney Bridge	31	0	0
Bell Weir Lock to Putney Bridge	29	4	63
Staines Bridge to Putney Bridge	28	4	88
Penton Hook Lock to Putney Bridge	26	5	140
Laleham Ferry to Putney Bridge	25	7	0
Chertsey Lock to Putney Bridge	24	5	216
Shepperton Lock to Putney Bridge	22	6	33
Walton Bridge to Putney Bridge	20	5	64
Sunbury Lock to Putney Bridge	18	7	154
Hampton Ferry to Putney Bridge	16	7	44
Moulsey Lock to Putney Bridge	16	0	154
Thames Ditton to Putney Bridge	14	7	165
Kingston Bridge to Putney Bridge	13	0	110
Teddington Lock to Putney Bridge	11	2	22
Eel Pie Island to Putney Bridge	10	1	0
Richmond Bridge to Putney Bridge	8	4	80
Kew Bridge to Putney Bridge	5	4	176
Barnes Railway Bridge to Putney Bridge	3	3	215
Hammersmith Bridge to Putney Bridge	1	6	22

BETWEEN PUTNEY BRIDGE AND LONDON BRIDGE

Putney Bridge to London Bridge	7	5½
Battersea Railway Bridge to London Bridge	5	5
Battersea Bridge to London Bridge	5	0
Chelsea Bridge to London Bridge	4	0
Vauxhall Bridge to London Bridge	2	7¾
Lambeth Bridge to London Bridge	2	3¼

	Miles.	F.	Yds.
Westminster Bridge to London Bridge . . .	1	7¾	
Charing Cross Railway Bridge to London Bridge	1	4¾	
Waterloo Bridge to London Bridge	1	2¾	
Blackfriars Bridge to London Bridge . . .	0	6½	
Southwark Bridge to London Bridge . . .	0	2½	
Cannon Street Railway Bridge to London Bridge	0	1¼	

BELOW LONDON BRIDGE

Thames Tunnel to London Bridge	1	4	
Deptford Dockyard to London Bridge . . .	3	5	
Deptford Creek to London Bridge	4	2	
Blackwall Pier to London Bridge	5	7	
Woolwich Arsenal to London Bridge . . .	9	3½	
Barking Creek to London Bridge	11	1	
Erith to London Bridge	15	6	
Dartford Creek to London Bridge	17	3	
Greenhithe to London Bridge	20	4	
Grays Thurrock to London Bridge	22	3½	
Gravesend to London Bridge	25	1	
Mucking Creek to London Bridge	30	5	
Yantlet Creek to London Bridge	40	3½	
Yantlet Creek to the Nore (*about five nautical miles*).			

MAP OF
THE THAMES VALLEY
TO ACCOMPANY
"IN THAMESLAND"
MOUTH OF THE THAMES

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